

F

1209

.S72





AMOS



Á

MÉXICO

COPIES
STRAIGHT
LP 24

VAMOS

Á

MEXICO



Published and Presented by the...

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

1896.

53219B²-1

2

Entered according to Act of Congress, and copyrighted in the year 1896.

*Big River
Campbell
Chicago*

PRINTED BY
AMERICAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION BUREAU.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JACKSON-DENVER
AND
ROCHESTER CAMERA CO

ENGRAVINGS
BY
J. MANZ & CO.
CHICAGO.

F 209
-7-

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
HISTORICAL.—CORTEZ AND THE CONQUEST—THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN— THE GREAT EMPIRE—AZTECS AND TOLTECS—SPANISH RULE IN MEXICO —HIDALGO AND INDEPENDENCE—ITURBIDE AND MAXIMILIAN . . .	5
THE GOING THERE.—NEW ORLEANS—THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC—NEW ORLEANS UNDER THE SPANISH KING—ALGIERS—GRENA—THE LAND OF EVANGELINE—THE SUNSET LIMITED—THE TECHE COUNTRY—MOR- GAN CITY, ATCHAFALAYA AND BERWICK BAY—THE SUGAR BOWL—LA FITTE—LAKE CHARLES—HOUSTON—SAN ANTONIO—THE MISSIONS— SPOFFORD JUNCTION—EAGLE PASS . . .	7
DOWN THE INTERNATIONAL.—CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE—THE CITY OF PORFIRIO DIAZ—CUSTOMS OFFICIALS—NAVA—SABINAS—COAL MINES—MONCLOVA—TREVINO—JUNCTION FOR MONTEREY—PAILA— THE WINES OF PARRAS—BOLSON DE MAPIMI—TORREON—JUNCTION OF MEXICAN CENTRAL—LERDO—SAN JUAN VALLEY—EXTINCT VOLCANO —BANDITS' CAVE—DURANGO—THE GREAT IRON MOUNTAIN—SILVER BRICK PAVEMENT—CATHEDRAL AND CHURCHES . . .	9
ALONG THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.—TROPIC OF CANCER—ZACATECAS— GUADALUPE—AGUAS CALIENTES—HOT BATHS—SAN LUIS POTOSI— LEON—LAGOS—GUANAJUATO—MUMMIES—IRAPUATO—GUADALAJARA —FALLS OF JUANACATLAN—CELAYA—QUERÉTARO—MAXIMILIAN— OPALS—SAN JUAN DEL RIO—TAJO DE NOCHISTONGO—HUEHUETOCA— THE VOLCANOES . . .	14
THE CITY OF MEXICO.—TENOCHTITLAN—ENTRANCE OF CORTEZ—CAR- RIAGES—STREET CARS—GUADALUPE—SAN ANGEL—TACUBAYA— NOCHE TRISTE—LA VIGA CANAL—DON JUAN CORONA—THE PASEO —CHAPULTEPEC—TREE OF MONTEZUMA—CATHEDRAL—MINT—NA- TIONAL PALACE—MONTE PIEDAD—NATIONAL LIBRARY—THEATERS— ALAMEDA—ZÓCALO—FLOWER MARKET—STORES—MARKETS—PANTEONS . . .	25
BULL FIGHTING.—PLAZA DE TOROS—COMING OF THE COMPANY—EN- TRANCE OF THE BULL—THE PICADOR—THRUSTING THE BANDERILLAS— KILLING OF THE BULL . . .	35
OVER THE INTEROCEANIC.—THE ROUTE OF CORTEZ—TEXCOCO— OTUMBA—SAN MARTIN—PUEBLA—PYRAMID OF CHOLULA—JALAPA— VERA CRUZ—COFRE DE PEROTE—AMECAMECA—SACRED MOUNTAIN— NEPANTLA—CUAUTLA—YAUTEPEC . . .	38
THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.—GUADALUPE—PYRAMIDS OF SUN AND MOON—THE PLAINS OF APAM—APIZACO—PUEBLA—ESPERANZA— MALTRATA—ORIZABA—CÓRDOBA—VERA CRUZ—PEAK OF ORIZABA . . .	45
SOUTH OVER THE SOUTHERN.—THROUGH THE CAÑONS—ROUTE OF CORTEZ EXPEDITION—OAXACA—THE RUINS OF MITLA . . .	49
OTHER RAILWAYS.—TERMINAL AND JUNCTION POINTS OF RAILWAYS OF MEXICO . . .	52
CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES.—SOMBREROS—ZERAPES—REBOSOS—MAN- TILLAS—PLAYING THE BEAR—SALUTATION—MUSIC—MONEY—RAIL- WAY REGULATIONS—HOTELS—LAUNDRY . . .	54



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ,
PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

VAMOS Á MÉXICO.

CORTEZ'S conquest of the wondrous land of the Aztecs reads like a romance rather than the prosy pages of history, and it may be that it is this story of romantic adventure, that all through the hundreds of years since he landed on the sandy shores of Vera Cruz, that has inspired that indefinable desire of every traveler to see the land that became more famous than the realm of Castile in the name of whose king the conqueror came.

The fame of Mexico had gone abroad throughout the world, but it was left to Spain to find the man to add an empire to a kingdom. Nothing could turn the intrepid Cortez from his purpose; thrice he started, twice was left behind, detained and thrown into prison in Cuba, but fate held back all ships but his. Córdoba's and Grijalva's fleet sailed along the southern coast and came again to Cuba to tell of a land of gold that they had only seen but not explored.

Cortez would wait no longer; despite the king's command, through Velasco's order, embarked, sailed before fair winds, landed on an unknown shore, burned his ships behind him and commenced a march against a warlike people whose thousands of warriors might any day fall upon his handful of followers and destroy them; all undaunted he led his soldiers under the very walls, but they seemed to fall down before him—that he might enter in and place his name on the first page of a history that is stranger than fiction, and fill the other pages with the dauntless deeds of a conqueror and his fearless followers.

The Aztecs and the Toltecs, in wandering tribes, came from no man knows where—had made a great city in the midst of the plain of Anahuac and defended their capital within the walls of Tenochtitlan 'gainst the despoiling Spaniards, but their arrows fell as straws, harmless on the armored soldiers, who answered with terrible machines that sent forth fire and brimstone with the leaden messengers of death, and mowed down the astonished warriors in countless thousands, and the empire of the Aztecs ended when Montezuma fell. What interesting stories the pictured writings of the Aztecs might tell of their wanderings; whence they came and how their cities were builded will forever go unread, and Prescott's tale of the Conquest must suffice through his entrancing pages, but make us wish for more.

The empire that Cortez added to the Kingdom of Spain extended from Alaska to Peru, from the Golden Gate to St. Augustine, and for two hundred years this greatest realm of the earth remained intact, extending its borders everywhere; but the day came when the tide turned the other way, and scarcely a decade passed but some territory was lost to Spain, as this country and that declared its independence or was ceded to other powers, till to-day no country on the continent owes allegiance to the king whose armies made their conquest.

The Spanish Viceroy's ruled in Mexico for nearly three hundred years; the first arrived in 1535, and the Independence of the country was recognized by Spain in 1836, twenty-six years after Hidalgo had sounded the Grito of Independence, and twenty three years after the formal Declaration. Since that time the country, rent

and torn by internal dissensions and civil wars, has had two emperors, Iturbide and Maximilian, but in the republic is the survival of the fittest, and since its firm establishment, under the wise administration of native statesmen, an era of prosperity has blessed the land and made Mexico one of the foremost nations of the earth.

Railroads and telegraph lines have been built, steamer lines on the rivers and coastwise on the Gulf and the Pacific render facilities for travel and communication, and the mines, factories and industrial enterprises everywhere are inductive to trade and traffic. Wise laws faithfully executed protect the traveler in his going and coming throughout the land, a guarantee for his safety and well being, a safeguard for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Thus the history of Mexico, commenced in romantic adventure, continues in the staid prosperity of the people, and while Cortez's name was written on the first page, the name of Diaz is on the brightest.



THE GOING THERE.

MEXICO may have seemed to you a far-off country as you thought of it in reading the romantic tales of its history, but the journey is only a visit to our neighbors just across the river, and the time it takes for the visit is only to be reckoned by how long you can stay; your welcome goes without saying, the Mexicans are a hospitable people, and it is not probable that you may wear your welcome out.

Consider, then, one or two days to bring you to New Orleans, another to Eagle Pass, and you are in Mexico in ten minutes. From all the prominent cities, by all the principal lines, fast flying express trains, with vestibuled palace cars, sleeping cars, buffet and dining cars, run to New Orleans, where the Southern Pacific continues and completes the perfect passenger service to and through Mexico.

New Orleans, once within the dominion of the Spanish king, it seems a proper gateway through which to enter upon a journey through a country so long a part of his realm, not alone this, for the old city is full reminiscent attraction during the French possession, through the old Creole times down to the gorgeous pageants of the carnival days under the rule of Rex.

Not only a gateway then, New Orleans is a place to stop off, as a city where begin the sights to see on a journey that is the peer of any in the western world. At that season when trips to Mexico are most in favor the climate of New Orleans is delightful, and it is scarcely probable an hour need be lost within doors and if some days are devoted to the Crescent City, they will be passed pleasantly, and in the narrow streets of the French Quarter, or in Jackson Square there is an inkling of the antiquity and quaintness of custom and costume that is to come in Mexico.

The real interest of the journey commences in New Orleans, but continues through all the miles on the other side of the Mississippi from the time the train leaves Algiers, passes Gretna and speeds away on the long stretches through the rice and sugar fields and cotton plantations, curving here and there into groves of live-oaks festooned with long Spanish moss to emerge again into other fields of cotton, sugar and rice. Here is Acadia, the land of Evangeline, with tales romantic as those of Mexico, and here are those southern plantations, with the great manor-house very white in the sunshine, massive fluted columns supporting wide porticos, the houses you read of and saw pictures of in the before-the-war books.

It may be that you have taken passage on that famous fast flying train, the Sunset Limited, which stops only at few of the more important places, and as the porter says "does not even hesitate" at the small towns, and many of the interesting places are passed as quick as a wink.

Everybody has heard of the Teche country, that most wonderfully fertile region of the earth; the gateway is at Morgan City, a beautifully picturesque and typical southern town, with its old earthworks, restored after the war, pretty park and the shipping. The products of the Teche country come down the bayous on barges and the peculiar stern-wheel boats of western waters, transferred to the Gulf ships and the railroad. Here also is a great oyster industry, the bivalves are taken in Berwick Bay, and are regarded as a favorite in the New Orleans market.

The train crosses the Atchafalaya River at the head of Berwick Bay on a long bridge and dives in the "Sugar Bowl of Louisiana," the Teche country, where there

are more white houses with long colonial columns, shaded by moss hung trees. Sugar is not the only product of this wonderful country; at New Iberia are extensive salt works.

Ask any old inhabitant for a story of this country, and he will tell you of this river or that beyond, that your train may just be crossing; that La Fitte, the pirate chief, ascended with his boats and deposited his treasure in the swamps, or how the slave-ships brought their human cargoes to market here—there is a story to tell of every river and bayou, and much to see in every mile of travel through so interesting a country.

The rich agricultural country ends at Lake Charles and the yellow pine timber belt commences, and through it the Southern Pacific runs to Beaumont, Texas, the state line is crossed on the bridge over the Sabine River; after Beaumont the line runs due west across the flat lands of Southern Texas to the fine city of Houston and then over the rich prairies to San Antonio, passing many thriving cities and towns that have grown up along this great thoroughfare of western travel.

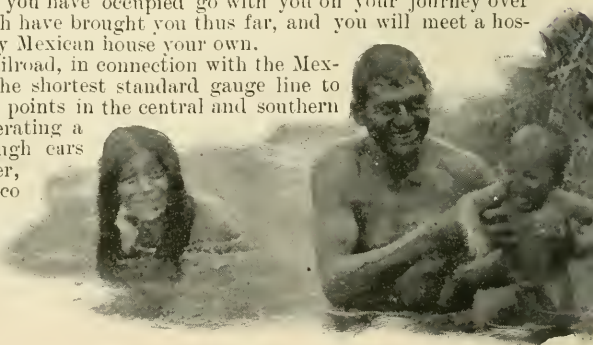
San Antonio is interesting to a degree, but it is only a hint of what there is in Mexico, yet the old city is worthy of a day to stop and see the Alamo and the Missions, or of many days to stay and enjoy the delightful climate and the good living that is here, and see this most progressive city of the Southwest, an ideal resting place in the going to or coming from Mexico.

The Missions, ruins of old Spanish churches, are within easy drive, from two to six miles from the plaza. The Military Post, Camp Sam Houston, just outside the city limits; San Pedro Park and the Alamo are to be seen, and the quaint old town, American but with a tinge of the Mexican in its squares, plazas and narrow streets, is intensely interesting; the Alamo is the center piece of San Antonio's relics of a hard-fought war for Texan independence, where Davy Crockett died and Bowie and Travis gave up their lives with the hundred and eighty-one brave soldiers in the massacre of the Alamo, not one was left to tell of the heroic defense; on the monument it is written, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none."

Westward from San Antonio the route is across the prairies to Spofford Junction, where there is a sharp turn to the southwest, and while the train is yet some miles from the border the peaks of Mexico's mountains come in view. After the stop at Eagle Pass, the city on the American side of the Rio Grande, the train crosses to the City of Porfirio Diaz, on the Mexican side, and you are in a foreign land, and without crossing the seas have come to a country that is older than Egypt in her civilization, to a land whose mountains and valleys are the peer of any, and whose ancient cities and ruins rival those of the Old World.

You leave behind familiar faces and customs, the English language and the nineteenth century, but you do not leave behind any of the comforts or luxuries of travel, the magnificent cars you have occupied go with you on your journey over roads as good as those which have brought you thus far, and you will meet a hospitality that will make every Mexican house your own.

The Southern Pacific Railroad, in connection with the Mexican International, forms the shortest standard gauge line to the City of Mexico and all points in the central and southern parts of the Republic, operating a perfect equipment of through cars without change at the border, so that the tour of Mexico may be made with as much comfort as in the United States.



DOWN THE INTERNATIONAL.

IF you have expected to see Mexico from any of the Rio Grande crossings, or see anything as you passed by, your expectations will not be realized; you may have thought to see a great river in the Rio Grande, but it hardly justifies your expectations, the mountains and valleys are farther on, and the tropics are beyond them. But in the crossing of the "grand river of the north" there is a sensation of what is to come in the delightful land you have only read of, and there is as much to see in the crossing from Eagle Pass to the City of Porfirio Diaz as at any of the gateways, and there is a novel newness here as you enter the old-time country; it is a crossing from the nineteenth to the sixteenth century, and a blending of the two ages.

Originally the Mexican border town was called Piedras Negras, Black Rocks, but the name was changed to La Ciudad de Porfirio Diaz, in honor of the President of the Republic. It is a bustling town that owes its activity to the railroad industries and custom house business. The principal shops and supply stores of the International Railroad of Mexico are here, and also the General Offices of the Company, and consequently there is a large American contingent in the population, and the town is built in the styles of both countries, and is far more attractive than the average border town. Trains stop long enough for the examination of baggage by Mexican customs officials, always courteously and expeditiously done, and with a liberality that the traveler appreciates, till it seems only a matter of form.

The train is made up, the through sleeping cars attached, and off over a smooth road from an elevation of 722 feet at the Rio Grande to 1,200 at Nava, steadily rising as it proceeds westward, or a little south of west, over the chaparral plains. There is little to see on any of the lines for the first hundred miles after crossing the river, but as much here as anywhere on the border, and there is always a novelty in the quaintness of the towns and villages. Allende, Leonora and Blanco are the first on the line, places of a thousand to fifteen hundred people. Sabinas is the junction point for the branch line to the coal fields of Felipe and Hondo, where there is an inexhaustible deposit of bituminous coal that supplies the road, and is shipped to all parts of Mexico for manufacturing purposes.

MONCLOVA is one of the oldest cities of Mexico, and seems to have been finished many years ago; here was the capital of the great State of Coahuila when Texas was included in its boundaries; afterwards when Texas had a capital of her own that of Coahuila was moved to Saltillo, but Monclova seems not to be disturbed over the matter, and is interesting in its very sleepiness. The city was named for the Viceroy Melchor Portocarrero Lazo de la Vega, Conde de Monclova, but it was thought best not to apply the entire name to the city. There is a rich mining district hereabouts, where there are rich deposits of silver and magnetic iron. The altitude is 1,926. Population 5,000.

TREVINO is important as the junction with the Monterey & Mexican Gulf Ry. for Monterey and Tampico. The course of the track now is almost due west, and with a steady up-grade to higher altitudes till it reaches 3,753 feet at Jaral, where it is proposed to build a branch line to Saltillo, 30 miles distant to the south.

PAILA is the station for Parras, a fine old town of some three hundred and fifty years of age, long noted for its wines; the rich wines of Parras are sold in every town in the republic. Another branch line is to run from Paila to the grape country of Parras. The altitude here is 3,898 feet.

Turning slightly down grade, running north of Lake Parras and south of Lake Mayran, along the borders of the great Bolson de Mapimi, at an altitude of 3,600 feet. The Bolson is a pocket in the mountainous district, where in the rainy season a group of smaller lakes is formed.

TORREON is an important junctional point where connection is made with the Mexican Central R. R. Only a little while ago it was called Nazas Siding; now, since the completion of the International Road in 1888, grown to be an important railroad town with growing manufacturing interests, and located on the Nazas River and on the borders of the cotton regions, it must continue to grow in importance.

LERDO, three miles north of Torreon, is in the very heart of the cotton district of the Nazas and San Juan valley and is one of the newest of Mexican towns; these new towns are conspicuous from the dearth of churches so prevalent in the older ones; there are only four in Lerdo, while a city of the same size farther south has forty. The soil hereabouts is very fertile, cotton grows without replanting except once in four or five years; the plant growing very large and bearing bountifully. The plaza of Lerdo is a garden of roses shaded by beautiful trees. The tram-cars from the station pass through an avenue of trees planted in a line on each side of the track leading through the cotton fields. Altitude, 3,844 feet. Population, 11,500.

Westward from Torreon the International enters the beautiful San Juan valley; within five miles after leaving the station the train rolls from an arid plain to a watered valley—passing running streams of clear water and irrigation ditches right along side the track, now almost under it and a mile away the water is above the cars till it seems they have made the water run up hill. All the waterways are fringed with the green of the trees, and now the white walled haciendas come to view and dot the valley here and there. Looking back after rounding a curve just at the entrance of the valley, some high castle-like rocks rise high above the road making a natural gate-way to the valley. Two harvests are gathered every year and without depending upon rain, so complete is the irrigation system that the Nazas River is almost completely drained of its water.

Beyond the valley and on both sides of the road the mountains rise up in fantastic shapes, till like Hamlet's cloud may seem like a whale or camels or monster weasels clearly outlined against the sky, and a little further on as the train comes nearer to them they seem like giant castles. In one of these rugged hills near the road is a cave, that it is said was a robber's roost where bandits came to hide or divide their plunder in the old diligencia days; the bandits have gone long ago but their cave is still there and in it the bones of probable victims.

This country is not the parched and arid plain it seems to the winter tourist; in the summer when the rains come it blossoms as the rose, and just here, if you will look to the north, you may see a waving palm tree near a hacienda, the only one within five hundred miles, and the first one you will see on your trip to Mexico unless you go to Tampico.

On the south of the road there is an extinct volcano, rising abruptly from the plain, that any conductor can point out to the passing traveler.

The route now is across the plains; not barren plains, but for miles with a queer growth of trees, as if planted in an orchard, and a growing grass feeding immense herds of cattle and horses. The traveler who has been expecting an inferior order of things on the railroads of Mexico will be disappointed; here on the International Road will be found a perfect track laid with steel rails on a road bed ballasted with stone, and a perfect equipment of passenger cars with all the modern

appliances for comfort and safety, and trains running on fast express schedules, so that the time for sight seeing en route is brief, and it will seem but a little while since you left Torreon before the towers of

DURANGO come in view from the windows on the left of the cars, and as the train nears the station the wonderful iron mountain is seen, scarcely a mile away on the right. The station is a fine building of stone in a pretty little park of trees and roses. The freight depot is as handsomely built, as are the freight houses of prominent merchants and miners, several of them having their private depots with side tracks for the delivery of goods and shipment of ores and other products of the country. Street cars run from the passenger station to the plaza.



ENTRANCE TO SAN JUAN VALLEY, MEXICAN INTERNATIONAL R. R.

Durango has been a city for more than three hundred and fifty years, and with a population of thirty-five to fifty thousand never had a railroad till 1890. It was a mountain of metal that first attracted the Spaniards to Durango; it was reported as of a baser metal, but Cortez thought this a subterfuge to keep him from finding a mountain of gold, and he sent an expedition under Señor Mercado; all returned after many days, except one man, who prospected in the neighboring hills and found silver, found so much that in a few years he sent a messenger to Spain with the request to the king that he be allowed to build the portales of his house of silver.

The request was denied as a perquisite pertaining exclusively to royalty, so this silver king of Durango contented himself by paving the street from his house to the church with silver bricks on the occasion of the christening of one of his children. His descendants still live in the city, but cobble stones are the prevailing pavement. The iron mountain remains the wonder of the age—it is variously estimated to contain 75 to 90 per cent pure iron, and there is enough to supply the world for centuries.

Durango is as pretty as it is interesting, the plazas and parks are veritable gardens, all of them. The Plaza Mayor is surrounded on its four sides by handsome stores. On one corner is the splendid Palacio del Estado, the state palace, built of beautiful white stone; on another corner is an ancient church, and behind it a little plazuela that was once a convent yard, now a public garden. The alameda is shaded by immense trees, and has in its center a pagoda where the band plays evenings, Sundays and feast days, as it does also in the Plaza Mayor. The Paseo runs along the little rio from the alameda northward, a wide driveway with walks on each side and stone benches under the trees. Near the Paseo at the upper end is the public laundry, an interesting place to visit; it was built by the city council for the benefit of the women of the poorer classes. Near the city are some very beautiful gardens, admission by permit only, as they are on private grounds, the property of rich hacendados. The market is two squares east of the Plaza Mayor, and is a very interesting one, as all Mexican markets are, but this one is particularly so. The Plaza de Toros, bull ring, adjoins the alameda on the south side.

The first altar was erected and the first mass said under a tree where now is the corner of Principal and Teresas streets. The cathedral was built by contributions from the rich silver mines; it was begun in 1695, and the first service held in 1715. The crypt contains the remains of some of the bishops of Durango. Many of the archives and relics were destroyed by fire and during the numerous revolutions that have devastated the country. The cathedral is a fine building of the Tuscan order of architecture; the interior was entirely destroyed by fire during the latter part of the last century, and though restored is not quite up to its former magnificence; it was built largely through the contributions of the rich mine owners who used the silver paving material, and who also built the house now occupied as the governor's palace and the theater, the second play-house in Mexico.

The Church of San Francisco is the oldest one in Durango, the foundations having been laid in 1556, when the first Spanish settlement was made under Fray Diego de la Cadena. The Church of San Augustin was founded in 1626. Santa Ana was established in 1777, quite a recent date as churches go in Mexico. El Colegio was erected in 1684. El Santuario de Guadalupe was built in 1714; Anasco in 1560, and San Juan de Dios in 1770.

On a high hill west of the city is the Church of Los Remedios, seen from every part of the city, and from the crest of the hill there is a grand view of the city and surrounding country; besides this good results are obtained in the way of health and prosperity by frequent pilgrimages to the Church of Los Remedios, and, if on the 8th of September, seven years are reduced from the pilgrim's stay in purgatory.

Durango is the capital of the State of Durango, has a population of 36,000; altitude 6,316 feet above the level of the sea. As one of the newest of Mexican cities to be opened to railway communication, it is one of the most interesting in reach of the traveler, and is well worth the delightful journey and what is sure to be a pleasant stop in the ancient metropolis of Western Mexico.

The Mexican International Railroad, with its connection with the Mexican Central at Torreon, forms the shortest standard gauge line to the City of Mexico and all parts of the Republic, central and south, and operates fast trains with a perfect equipment of through sleeping cars from San Antonio to the City of Mexico, avoiding a change of cars at the border.



STATE PALACE, DURANGO.

ALONG THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.

THE general direction of the Mexican Central Railroad is almost due north and south, El Paso, the northern terminus, being just a little west of north of the City of Mexico, the road running the entire distance of 1,224 miles on the highlands, with the altitudes ranging from two to nearly nine thousand feet. Humboldt said he could drive a carriage on the platform from the Capital to the Rio Grande, and he might have done so if he followed the route of the Mexican Central Railroad, though the feat would have been a difficult one at the time the great German traveler was in Mexico.

After leaving the laguna country of the Bolson de Mapimi, south from Torreon, it is a general up-grade, and pretty soon the mountain peaks are gathered nearer the road, and in the early morning and afternoon throw their shadows across the track. Just south of the station of Guitierrez the Tropic of Cancer is crossed, and Fresnillo is the first city within the Torrid Zone, an important mining town, once a great city, now containing about 20,000 people. The now overflowed and abandoned mines of Proaño are near the road: the wealth of this country, present and past, is fabulous; hardly a town but was, or is, a great mining town, and it is silver, silver everywhere. If the mines have been abandoned, they are to be worked again or new ones opened in the same district.

Every mile of the journey increases in interest now—one interesting place is left behind only to look forward to another, and the intervening country presents new scenes and views continually. The train is making tortuous windings to get over a high hill, whose top is more than 8,000 feet above the sea, which stands in the way. The tall tower-like chimneys of a smelter, high up above the track, are seen first on one side and then on the other, as the road bends in one horseshoe curve after another.

ZACATECAS is one of the greatest cities in all Mexico. The train comes to a stop: there is no sign of a city even at the station; but when it leaves, take a seat on the left side for the grandest view of the journey. The moment the station is passed there is a full view of a city of 75,000 people, looking for all the world like one of ancient Palestine, lying, with its low flat-topped houses and domed churches, two hundred feet below, and spreading up and down the barranca and hillside, reaching, with straggling suburbs, to Guadalupe, six miles away. The track winds around on the side of the mountain, passing directly over some mines and smelters, keeping the city in view for half an hour. The view from the rear platform is magnificent, but a seat on the left side is a good one. Up and down the road, between the two towns, are curiously costumed people; droves of donkeys laden with silver, carts and cars, goats and cattle on the hillside, and a hundred things to see not seen anywhere else in the world. Zacatecas is not out of sight till Guadalupe comes to view on the same side, a long street connects the two cities, on which there is a horse-car line. The cars are pulled from Guadalupe to Zacatecas, but the return trip is made without their aid. As the train moves along, a look ahead will show the town of Guadalupe, with its splendid church; looking back, the city of Zacatecas lies under the shadow of the *Cerro de la Bufa*—an immense buffalo, cut in stone by sculptor Nature, lying on the mountain's crest, keeps guard

over the City of Silver. Far beyond Guadalupe is a lake—Lake Pevernaldillo—with some pottery kilns on the shores.

The little church upon the crest of La Bufa is Los Remedios, to which the pilgrims climb, in a manner in keeping with their digressions from the path of rectitude. If one has been very naughty, it is proper to crawl. This manner of doing penance is a little rough, particularly on this route, but it is indulged in by the native of the sensitive conscience. The rock where the church is located is flat on top, and once, during a revolution, a battle was fought there, and a five-pound cannon forced a surrender of the assaulting party in a few hours. The view from La Bufa is very fine, seven cities are within its scope, and numerous hills and valleys.



IRON MOUNTAIN, DURANGO.

The view of Zacatecas from the cars, looking down on the flat-top houses, reminds one of the pictures and descriptions of the biblical cities, and is not easily forgotten. When the train stops at the station, all sight of the city is lost behind an intervening hill. Horse-cars from the station need no propelling power for the first half of the journey, but a double team is required to get up through the streets to the hotels and plazas. As is usual in Mexico, there are great crowds at the stations at train-time; this is particularly so at Zacatecas, and often the military band is there to play for the passing tourist.

To look at the city from the cars it would not seem that there was a place for a plaza or alameda on such steep hillsides; but Zacatecas has both, and very pretty ones, with beautiful plants, flowers and fountains—and in the midst the band plays in the evening and the people come out in their picturesque costumes to promenade and listen. In the business center the place has quite an American look on account

of the high buildings—some are three and four stories high. The State and municipal palaces, the mint, the fine old churches are all worthy of the tourist's attention.

The pilgrimage to Guadalupe is one of the things to do—and it can be done comfortably and quickly. Horse-cars start from the plaza and run down the six miles by gravity. The mules which pull the cars from Guadalupe to Zacatecas leave their harness on the cars and walk leisurely down without a load.

At Guadalupe the cars stop in front of the market, and the walk through it is interesting, besides being in the route to the church. Leave the market at the lower left-hand corner, the street there leads directly to the church.

In front of the church is a pretty park of roses, well kept. The grand old church with its tiled dome is worthy of all the journey to see. The main altar has life-size figures representing the Crucifixion. Behind there is a canvas painting represent-



ARCHED STREET, ZACATECAS.

ing the Hill of Calvary, with the Jews and Roman soldiery in the middle background. These, with the figures in front, produce a very startling effect.

The church is filled with people kneeling at the various altars and confessionals at all times. On the right of the church is the old art gallery, filled with hundreds of curious paintings illustrating the lives and temptations of the saints—some of them going very much into detail. One fine picture of a giant and cherub, at the head of the staircase, is finely executed, and seems to be the work of a master hand.

The *Capilla*, or chapel, is a more recent addition to the old church, the gift of a

maiden lady of great wealth a few years ago, and cost many thousands of dollars. The floor is inlaid with hard woods of different colors. A superb altar is rich in gildings, silver and gold, wax figures, silk and satin hangings. The altar rail is of onyx and solid silver. The walls are finely frescoed, arched to a dome fifty feet above the floor. This is all new, but is the finest chapel in Mexico.

The mines may be visited by permit. Some are entered by shafts, others by tunnel. If you choose the former, the descent is by bucket let down by horse-power windlass. Ladies undertake the trip sometimes, but are not welcomed by the miners, as they are regarded as unlucky visitors.

South of Zacatecas the road enters a fertile agricultural district, and green fields are in the valleys between the mountains.

AGUAS CALIENTES, which being translated means hot waters, and the name is well chosen; hot springs are numerous and the steaming water runs through the streets. The baths are excellent; those near the station have every modern convenience, while the primitive baths up at the springs at the end of a horse-car ride of a mile are unique and most delightful.

Agua Calientes is noted for its pretty plazas and parks, one in the center of the city, another a few squares west is a most lovely garden with a fountain absolutely covered with roses and a thousand ever-blooming flowers known only to the tropics; and still another park further out, reached by horse-cars, to which also there is a fine drive; but in the town not many vehicles to hire that would make the use of the drive anyways pleasant.

The plaza at night is one of dazzling brilliancy. A military band on a magnificent stand, in a perfect bower of tropical plants and lighted by hanging lamps of great beauty, discourses sweet music while the "upper ten" promenade in two endless processions, in adverse directions, around the walks under the trees—Spanish lace and the *reboso* mingling, while the brigand-looking Mexican sits muffled to the eyes in red *zerape*, as if a Dakota blizzard was blowing instead of balmy breezes amongst fragrant flowers.

Dark-eyed señoritas, watched by sober señoras, crowd the seats, stealing glances at the passing parade. Beauty is out in full force, and the duenna is there for its protection. The procession lasts from 8 to 10; then the band plays the "Danza" (a Mexican band always plays the "Danza" for a finale), "*buenos noches*" are spoken, and all is over till the band plays again, which it does two or three times in a week.

The market is interesting. On four sides are heavy columned *portales* inclosing an open space, where the hucksters sit on the ground surrounded by their wares, vegetables in little piles, in day time under a plaited mat held by three poles to shelter from the sun; at night little fires furnish each with light sufficient for traffic. In the pottery market will be found many novelties, offered for sale in the same style. Opposite one of the markets is a church, whose lofty door is almost hidden by luxuriant palms, bananas, with an undergrowth of roses.

From Agua Calientes, a division of the Mexican Central Railroad extends to San Luis Potosi and to the Gulf of Mexico at Tampico. The City of San Luis is one full of attractions and of great wealth, situated in the midst of a high and fertile agricultural region—in the midst of a plain that is one vast garden of tropical fruits and vegetables, and it is not a matter of special wonder that there is good living at San Luis Potosi, and as a result of good markets there are good hotels.

SAN LUIS POTOSI is the capital of the state of that name, a state rich in mineral resources, and as far back as history goes there is mention of the silver mines that are there, and that of San Pedro is said to have produced the largest piece of gold ever found in Mexico, which was sent to the King of Spain, who presented the great clock in the façade of the church.

San Luis is a splendid city, with a fine plaza and alameda. The streets are

regularly laid out and run at right angles and are kept scrupulously clean, and a city ordinance requires that house-owners shall paint and renovate their houses at certain intervals. The climate is delightful, and now that San Luis has become such a railroad center, it is regarded as a rival of the City of Mexico itself.

The people of San Luis are a pleasure-loving, hospitable people. The military band plays in the alameda three times a week, and balls and fetes to which Americans are invited are of frequent occurrence.

Back on the main line again and still running through a fine country now mixed, fertile and otherwise, with a varied scenery. At or near Encarnación, see on the right side the town of that name, with its churches and towers. On the other side is the river Encarnación, with an irrigation reservoir near the track. A high and very fine iron bridge spans the river just north of the station. The next stop is at the important city of Lagos, where there is a population of 40,000



BATHS, AGUAS CALIENTES.

people and large manufacturing interests. The city is on the west side of the track, reached by horse-cars. The city is a pretty one, and is worthy of a day's visit, as also is Leon, a place with 100,000 inhabitants, and one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the republic.

LEON lies in the midst of a vast plain where there are fertile farms and rich grazing lands hedged by gigantic cactus—the tree or organ cactus, so called on account of its resemblance to the pipes of an organ, and which is a feature in every picture of Mexico. The streets of Leon are narrow, running at right angles, and in every block and square are workshops of the thousands and thousands of makers of leathern goods—shoes, saddles and everything in that line. There is a pretty plaza, some fine buildings and interesting markets.

SILAO is the junction for Guanajuato, where there are mines that have produced more silver than all the others, and there are 40,000 people there now, all engaged in some way about the mines.

GUANAJUATO is sixteen miles from the main line. The road from Silao winds around among the hills, where there are some pretty fields, passing adobe villages, and coming to Marfil, where there is a change to horse-cars that go at a gallop up the barranca, passing some of the greatest silver mines of the world and the haciendas where the reduction works are. The street, or road, along which the cars pass, is crowded with people going to and fro, and with burros loaded with silver ore. The peculiar houses on either side make the trip most interesting. The hills rise up high and steep on both sides, and wherever there is a place big enough, or niche can be cut in the rocks, a house is built there, the getting up or down being a secondary consideration. The homes of these cliff-dwellers dot the hills on both sides of the barranca and around the city.

After three miles of this Moorish street, the cars stop at the prettiest little plaza, adorned with flowers and tropical plants. Here are the hotels and the center of the city. The cars go up the narrow, crooked street, and the ride is full of interest. Ride up and walk down, and what you will see will make some novel additions to your note-book. The end of the track is opposite a lovely little park at the head of the ravine. This is the alameda, and above it is the reservoir of the city's water supply. Water is also stored in the ravine by strong dams of stone. Here are some of the prettiest residences in Mexico, perched on the mountain-side as they are; with a towering cliff at the back door and miniature lakes at the front, with gallery and casement hung with brightest flowers. There is no such street of such houses even in Mexico.

Looking across a reservoir of clear water is a little low house of Pompeian colors with casemated windows covered with flowing vines. The gable toward the water has an old wheel window, around which the vines have climbed. On a wall stands a peacock with feathers outspread 'gainst the light background of the wall, whilst the other birds sit quietly as if posing for a picture. Some ducks swim lazily in the water of the foreground. A bridge across the water is shaded by trees of japonica, and another tree has some bright yellow flowers through all its branches—and this picture is doubled by a reflection in the water.

The Alhondiga, now a prison, but once the Board of Trade building, was captured by Hidalgo during the war for independence. Later on, his head was brought here after his execution at Chihuahua, and exposed on a spike in the wall which (the spike) is still shown. Still later a bronze statue was erected to his memory in front of the building.

There are many other fine buildings in Guanajuato, among which is a magnificent theater larger than any in New York, built of a beautiful green stone found in the neighborhood. The churches are very fine—one, that of *Compañía*, cost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, of which nearly half went for blasting a space in the hillside for it to rest on.

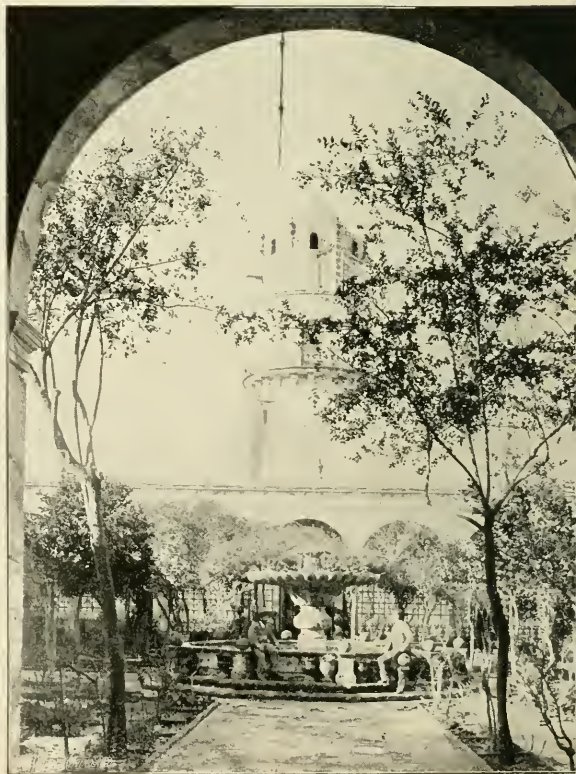
The Mint is especially worthy of a visit. The manner of coining is the same as in the mints of our country. It is the operatives that are interesting. An old and wrinkled Indian, whose hair is silvered as the metal he works in, has handled the ladle for forty years. He opens the door of the fiery furnace and dips his ladle in the molten metal, not a drop too much or an ounce too little to fill the mould; and his record for the time shows not a day of absence. Two younger Indians are expert at detecting imperfect coins by the sense of touch. They sit on low stools, with a pile of coins on each side, without looking, and with a single grasp gather twenty silver pieces—always twenty, never a dollar more or less. Then sliding the coins from one hand to the other, the slightest scratch or defect is detected, and the imperfect coin is thrown to one side to go through the mill again. It is on record that no coin handled by these two Indians has ever issued from the mint with an imperfection however slight. The weighing and counting is done with the same degree of accuracy, the system reaching absolute perfection. Dolores, near Guanajuato, was the scene of the commencement of the revolution for the independence of Mexico; also the birthplace of Hidalgo, the patriot priest.

On a high hill in the western part of the city is the public pantheon, the city cemetery; the bodies are deposited in niches in the wall, where they become mummies and in after years are stowed away in the vaults below.

South from Silao the Mexican Central runs across a fertile plain to the town of strawberries, Irapuato, where the luscious fruit is brought to every passing train every day in the year. Irapuato is the junction point of the Guadalajara division; the road to Guadalajara runs through a rich agricultural country, where large crops of wheat and corn are raised. The line is rich in scenic beauty, as all roads in Mexico are, and the journey may be one of pleasure, no matter whatever other object it may have. The first station of importance is Penjamo, 49 kilometers from Irapuato, near which is the town of the same name, with a population of nearly 8,000, and a very interesting old place, with narrow, crooked streets and quaint houses. The town is about three miles from the station.

About two miles from the station La Piedad is the city Piedad Cabadas, known in ancient and modern history by several other names, but now answering to the one written here. Piedad has a population of over 10,000 people. About 150 kilometers from Irapuato the road comes to the valley of the Lerma, sometimes called the Río Grande, and is the Mississippi of Mexico, the longest river in the republic. The river empties into Lake Chapala at the eastern end, and twenty miles further, on the northeastern shore, another river flows *out* of the lake, called by some the same river, Lerma or Río Grande. Certainly one is the inlet of the waters and the same one the outlet, the one river seemingly crossing the lake. The river is not navigable. On the contrary it abounds in rapids and cascades—one, quite large and very beautiful, Juanacatlan, is only 16 miles from Guadalajara.

The road comes nearest to the river and lake at La Barca, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, located at the junction of the Lerma and Lake Chapala. From La Barca a steamer makes voyages around Lake Chapala, making landings on both sides and returning again to the starting point, covering a distance both ways of about 70 miles. The voyage is one of many delights, the scenery is exceptionally beautiful—high mountains and fertile plains and valleys with fields and groves of tropical fruits and plants. Sometimes, when an east wind prevails, the high wind and waves loosen the vegetation growing in the shallow water of the delta where the Lerma comes in, and scores of floating islands are met with in the voyage. As the lake is about 80 miles long and 16 wide, sometimes great storms prevail and the waves run high.



PATIO OF THE HOSPICIO, GUADALAJARA.

For the first steamer on Lake Chapala the machinery was brought from California, and packed piece by piece on burros from San Blas on the Pacific coast; her old boiler lies on the beach a rusty monument to American pluck and energy. It is not recorded that any other people have carried steamboats over mountains by mule power,

The town of Chapala on the north shore of the lake is picturesquely located under the towering cliffs of the mountain. The place has long been a health resort on account of the very hot springs that are there, which have a great local reputation. The waters, clear as crystal, gush from the rocks in the side of the mountain. The tourist may procure horses at Chapala and ride across the mountains to the railroad at Antequiza, or return by boat to La Barca.

Continuing the rail journey toward Guadalajara the track crosses the Lerma again at Ocotlan, where there is a glimpse of the lake from the windows on the left side. The first view of

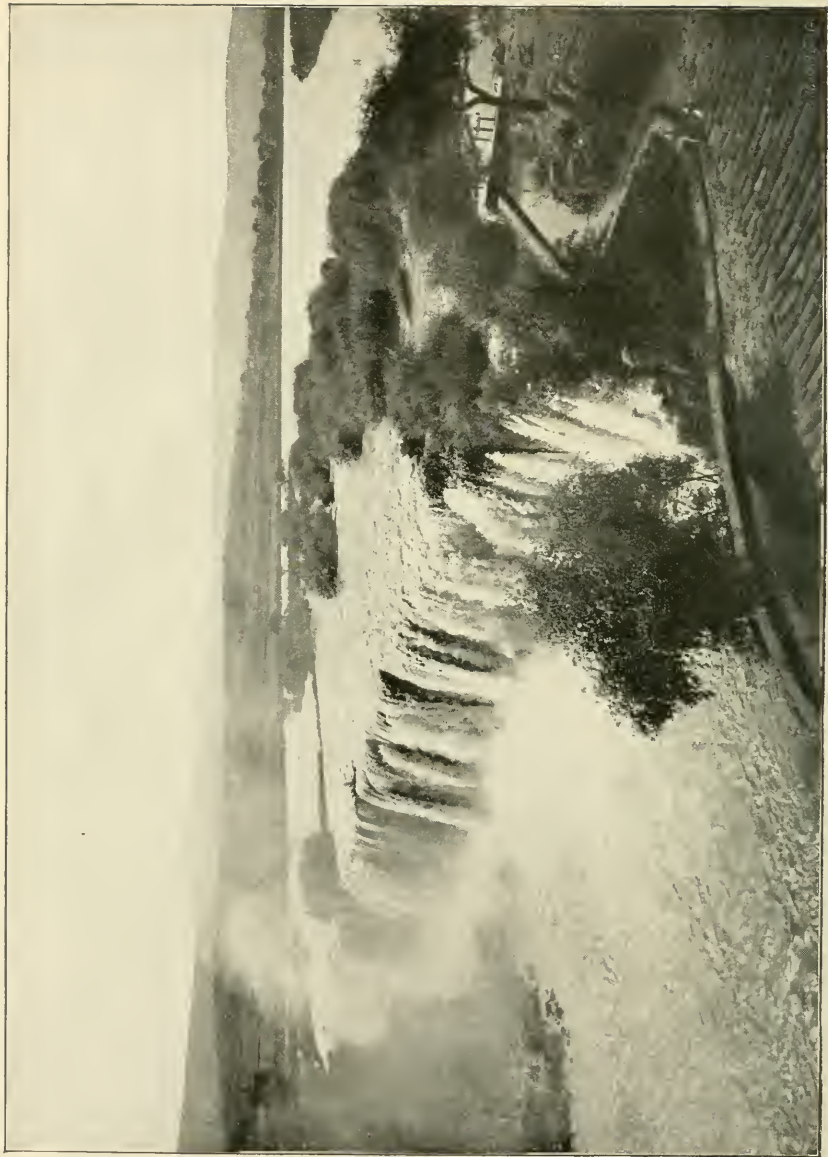
GUADALAJARA may be had from the right-hand side of the train, looking forward. It is a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the State of Jalisco. A very beautiful and very interesting city, where some days may be pleasantly spent. The city has long been noted for its fine pottery, ornamental and glazed in the most beautiful and fantastic designs, and is the chief industry of a large class at the present day. Manufacturing in almost every branch is carried on, as this has for centuries been a great commercial center and distributing point for a large territory. There are four lines of horse-railways leading to the different suburbs, each one offering something of interest to the tourist.

The city is beautifully laid out; the streets run at right angles and for many blocks the walk-ways are under the stone *portales*. There are 14 *portales*, 20 plazas, 14 bridges, 5 theaters, 25 baths, 23 restaurants and 28 hotels of all classes; among the latter there is one kept by a German, which has a lovely patio filled with beautiful plants and flowers, onto which all the rooms open, and if you wish, meals are served on the gallery in front of your door. It is a German garden in the heart of Mexico. There are no finer public buildings anywhere in Mexico than in Guadalajara. Among these are the Cathedral, the Governor's palace and the Degollado theater, all magnificent specimens of the Mexican style of architecture, and of such proportions that such piles are totally unexpected in this far-away region so long without communication with the outside world.

Through the eastern part of the city runs the San Juan de Dios, and along that stream is the Paseo from the alameda to the southern boundary of the city. The Alameda, Plaza de Armas, *Jardin Botanico*, *Parque Alcade* and *Calzada de San Pedro* are all pretty parks or gardens, where there are music and flowers—places of great resort in the evening, Sundays and feast days. The Hospicio of Guadalajara contains twenty-three patios, and each has its flowers, plants and fountains. Near El Castillo, a little station fifteen miles east of Guadalajara, are the famous

FALLS OF JUANACATLAN, not inaptly termed the Niagara of Mexico. Here the great River Lerma, having emptied its waters into Lake Chapala, proceeds to empty that water again into another river or the same one continued, and comes foaming and fretting in rapids and whirlpools *a la* Niagara, and makes a sheer descent of nearly a hundred feet over the precipice at Juanacatlan and there tumbles over the rocks, forming other rapids and whirlpools, and afterward flows more peacefully westward, finding its way to the Pacific Ocean; as I have said, forming the longest river in Mexico, but navigable at no point except where it widens out into Lake Chapala.

Waterfalls are not common in Mexico at all seasons. It is only in the rainy season, when water falls to any alarming extent; then there are cascades, and cataracts that are not all in your eye, so to speak; they are here, there and everywhere, and are not always either useful or ornamental—but Juanacatlan is a beauty and a joy forever in Mexico, in that its waters flow on forever, in season or out of



FALLS OF JUANACATLAN.

season, and the journey thither is one of the tourist's things to do. A line of tram-cars run from El Castillo to the Falls.

Nine miles from Guadalajara is a great barranca, an immense gulch or gap in the plain, 2,000 feet deep, where the River Lerma is at the bottom of it; there is no hint of the barranca until you come to the edge of the chasm and look down into the awful depths; the scenery is grand. The ride to the barranca must be on burros; the sure-footed little beasts will carry you safely down the winding road and up again, and though the trip is tiresome once taken is never regretted.

An extension of this division of the Mexican Central reaches the town of Ameca, and will ultimately be built to the Pacific.

Returning to the main line again at Irapuato the road leads through a rich agricultural region. Salamanca is the next town of importance, and then Celaya where this line crosses the Mexican National.

CELAYA is in the beautiful valley of Laja. The city is to be seen on the west side of the track, the high church towers standing up against the background made by blue hills. The chronicler says that Celaya was founded by sixteen married men and their wives and seventeen young bachelors. Just why their numbers or conditions attended the founding, does not appear. Celaya is noted for its *dulces* as Querétaro is for opals, and are as assiduously offered by the native manufacturer and vender to the visiting tourist. *Dulces*, if not explained before, are sweetmeats, confections of native make. The sixteen married men and seventeen bachelors commenced to build churches early, and when in after years they were completed they were pronounced the finest in the land, and they have, indeed, great claims that way, both as to architecture, interior decoration and paintings. Especially is this true of the churches of Our Lady of Carmen and San Francisco, which alone are worthy of a stop over at Celaya. The same beautiful country of fertile valley and spreading plain continues and the ride southward is altogether lovely.

QUERÉTARO, capital of Querétaro, is the city where Maximilian made his last fight. Here he surrendered, here he was tried and executed, with his Generals Miramon and Mejia. From the windows on the left may be seen the Cerro Campana where there are three little white stone shafts on the hillside just north of the city that mark the spot where the unfortunate men were shot.

In a room of the legislative building are kept the coffin in which Maximilian was brought from the field, the wooden stools on which Miramon and Mejia sat during the trial. The Emperor being ill, did not attend, but was confined in a cell in the convent of the Capuchins. The table on which the death warrant was signed is preserved.

Querétaro is the headquarters for opals. They are found in great quantities round about. The common ones are offered for sale by the natives at the cars. It is not advised to buy extensively, but it is advised to pay the exact charge, as the venders have the same habit as the American newsboy in being tardy in bringing back the change; often he does not return till the train is well on to Mexico. It is better to stop at Querétaro anyhow; there is much to interest and there are good hotels. After leaving the station the train passes through the Hercules factory village, where there is a beautiful grove of tropical trees in full leaf, flower and fruit, with oranges, lemons and bananas; and then comes to one of the sights of the ride—the great stone aqueduct which supplies water to the mills and the city. The massive stone arches are wonderful in their construction, and of great height. The highest is 94 feet above the ground. The train passes directly under the aqueduct. It may be seen from either side of the cars; the first view is on the left.

San Juan del Rio, at an elevation of 6,245 feet, is the last city on the line. It has a population of 20,000 people. The scenery grows grandly beautiful. There are grand mountains, with lovely valleys in between, dotted here and there with haciendas and villages. Now comes to the plain of Cazadero. Crossing it, the road climbs the mountains which shut in the nation's capital, reaching the top of the

grade at Marquez and the highest elevation on the line, 8,132 feet above the sea; then starts down hill to the Tula Valley, where the scenery is more tropical and the towns and villages are more of the Spanish order.

No matter how early in the morning, or at night, if there be a moon, the tourist must be on the *qui vive* for a view of the Tajo de Nochistongo—the great drainage cut, commenced in 1607 with a purpose to drain the lakes on the plains of Mexico and prevent the inundation of the city. It was abandoned a few years later, but has been talked of ever since; and now a tunnel for the same purpose has been built at a cost of \$8,000,000. The cars pass along the top of the cut on the left bank, consequently the view is from the windows on the right side. As soon as the cut is passed let every window on the left side be occupied. At Huehuetoca the first view of the snow mountains is to be had; the volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, and the plain of Mexico; and in an hour a journey full of pleasure and crowded with novelty ends at Buena Vista station of the Mexican Central Railway.



TAMASOPO CAÑON.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

ON that November day, when, more than three hundred years ago, Hernando Cortez climbed the eastern hills beyond the lake, and looked across the waters on the temple of Tenochtitlan, he looked with no less wonder than the peaceful invaders of to-day who come through the Tajo de Nochistongo, and see from Huehuetoca the towers of the City of Mexico that are built where stood the temples of Tenochtitlan. In 1519 that ancient Aztec city was in the midst of the plain where Mexico's capital is, and the chief temple stood on the Cathedral's site.

When Cortez came it was after a more wearisome journey than is the lot of the more modern visitor. Montezuma met his guest at the causeways and with a special committee of a hundred thousand warriors, while the reception of to-day is less imposing, but as warm and welcome, from something less than a hundred thousand *cocheros* who, with their blue flags, red flags and yellow, will welcome the coming man to Mexico at a price indicated by the colors displayed on their *coches*; to be explicit and make a wide stride from romantic history to the practical matters of to-day, the reception committee of Mexico is the same as in the American city—the hackman is the committee.

There is a difference in favor of the Mexican “cabby,” in that you do not have to ask the rate of fare, even if you know how. Each vehicle carries a small tin flag about four by two inches, which must always be nailed to the mast unless engaged.

These flags indicate the class of vehicle and the tariff. Those with a blue flag make a rate of \$1.50 per hour or 75 cents per single passenger for a short drive within a district; the red flag hires for \$1 by the hour or 50 cents per passenger; the yellow, 50 cents per hour or 25 cents per passenger; and if yellow is selected, it is purely from an economical point of view, with no pretense to style of rig, and with no particular desire as to when the destination is to be reached. If overcharges are made, and Mexican hackmen are not unlike their American brethren, ask for the number. *Numero* is the word to use, and he will usually lapse to tariff rates. If a carriage is wanted for a single trip, simply call the name of the place; if by the hour, say “*por hora*,” and the prices will be given; blue flags, “*un peso y cuatro reales*,” red, “*un peso*,” yellow, “*cuatro reales*.” After dark, and on feast days and Sundays, these figures are increased about fifty per cent.

It is easy to find one's way about the city, and the fact that all prominent horse-car lines start from and return to the Plaza Mayor, in front of the Cathedral, makes confusion impossible.

The street car system in the City of Mexico is a good one, reaching all railway stations and nearly every point of interest in and around the city. Fares in the city are 5 cents; to the suburbs 12 cents and 25 cents, according to the distances traveled. These are first-class fares, the tariff for second-class cars being much cheaper, but are only patronized by the poorer classes. The second-class cars are painted green and follow a half block behind the yellow first-class cars. Parties desiring to visit points of interest may hire a special car as one would a carriage, for the afternoon or all day.

The horse-car driver carries a tin horn, not unlike the campaign horn of the United States, and which he blows as assiduously, as a note of warning at street intersections. Conductors sell tickets and a collector gets on the cars at certain points of the route and takes them up.

The street-car companies do not confine their operations to the passenger business solely, they do a freight business as well. Another feature of their business approaches the trade of the undertaker. Each line has its funeral car, black, with a four-poster pagoda surmounted by a cross, under which is a black catafalque. An arrangement of this kind is cheaper than the hearse and carriages. You order a funeral car to be at the nearest point to the residence, the corpse is put on board and the mourners follow in the other cars, regular or special.

It is not possible to name the schedules here; suffice to say that cars leave the Plaza Mayor at short intervals of from fifteen to thirty minutes morning and afternoon and less frequently in the evening, when the fares are increased.



WATER CARRIERS, GUANAJUATO.

Nearly all the points of interest in and around the city may be more conveniently, comfortably and quickly reached by car than carriage.

The hill and church of Guadalupe is at the end of a most interesting horse-car excursion. Cars leave the Plaza Mayor half hourly, and after running through the narrow streets cross the marshes on a broad causeway where there is paved road lined with trees—used in ancient times and now by processions from the city to Guadalupe. Many shrines along the route are still standing, and here the people stopped to invoke the blessing of this saint or that as the pilgrimage moved on to the holiest shrine.

There are churches and churches in Mexico, with pictures and pictures and pictures, but Gaudalupe is the holiest shrine in Mexico, and has the most mysterious picture—a representation of the Virgin—which, although nearly 400 years old and appearing on an Indian *tilma* of the cheapest, commonest sort, and during three centuries has been exposed to a salty, deteriorating air, its colors are bright and

fresh as if painted yesterday; and in proof of its alleged Divine origin the decay of surrounding pictures is pointed out, while this remains fresh and bright. The legend says that a pious Indian, *Juan Diego* by name, was surprised by an apparition of the Virgin, who commanded him to gather flowers on the barren hill where she appeared and where the church now stands. To gather flowers in such a place seemed impossible, but he found them there, gathered them in his *tilma* and carried them to the priest with the message that a shrine to the Virgin must be erected on the spot. The Indian's story was not believed, but when the flowers were emptied from his *tilma* there appeared a most perfect picture of the Virgin, in style and color different from any other, and in such colors that even the artists of to-day have not been able to fathom their ingredients or the laying on of such material. The church was built as it stands to-day, and over its altar, in a frame of gold,



AT QUERÉTARO.

hangs the *tilma* with the mysterious picture. A fund of some thousands of dollars was collected to provide a crown of gold for the mysterious image on the *tilma*, and in October, 1895, was with great ceremony placed over the picture.

The cars arrive at the village about two leagues from the city, and stop in front of the church at the foot of the hill where the shrine of Guadalupe is. Passing through a little garden or park to the right of the church, one comes to a small chapel in the entrance of which is a fountain of pure, clear water, which is said to have gushed forth on the spot where the Virgin stood when she appeared to Juan Diego. From this spot, around the corner of a narrow street, are some stone stairs leading to the shrine or chapel on the crest of the hill where Juan Diego gathered the flowers, and is one of the most picturesque spots in all Mexico. On ascending the stairs, may be seen on the right near the top, what seems to be a ship's mast with sails all set, done in stone. A legend says that some storm-tossed-sailors prayed to the Virgin of Guadalupe and vowed that if they were saved from a watery

grave they would carry the mast to the shrine and erect it there as a memorial and thankoffering—which 'tis said they did carry it from Vera Cruz, incased it in stone, and erected it where it stands to day.

The tales and legends of this interesting spot are innumerable and may not be related here, as there is not space to tell of feasts and fasts, of the millions of money of its cost and the richness of decoration—all this must be read of in books of wider space, or rather must be seen as one of the objects of a life's travels.

Among the other suburban points of interest are the gardens and orchards of San Angel and Tacubaya, a place of summer resort of the native upper crust and sort of local Monte Carlo. This line of cars goes very near to the Castle of Chapultepec, but requires a tiresome walk up the hill: it is best to take a carriage to Chapultepec. Popotla, Tacuba and Atzacapotzalco are also the objects of horse-car tours that are most interesting. On the line to Tacuba, which was once a causeway, is the place of "*el salto de Alvarado*" (the leap of Alvarado), where that warrior made his famous leap for life. The exact spot, as shown, is in front of the *Tirolí de Eliseo*. At the end of the causeway, near the church of San Estéban, is the tree of *Noche Triste* (the dismal night), where Cortez sat down and wept after his defeat. The tree is a giant *ahuehuete* or cypress, of great age, now inclosed with an iron rail to prevent a recurrence of further vandalism, as occurred some years ago by a crank having set it on fire.

The floating gradens, *chinampas*, on the Viga canal, are reached by horse-cars from the Plaza Mayor, near the Cathedral, to Embarcadero, and thence by canoe for a few hours or for a day. The boats are a sort of Mexican edition of a Venetian gondola, broad and flat-bottomed, with seats underneath a canopy in bright colors; the boats are propelled by a pole in the hands of a dusky gondolier. The excursion is altogether a novel one, particularly on Sundays and feast days, and should not be overlooked. Unless you are thoroughly Mexican it is best to make a picnic of it and take your provender along, but there will come alongside a longer and narrower canoe hewn from the trunk of a single tree. In one end of this quaint craft stands a swarthy Mexican with a single oar of long handle—in the other a comely woman and often a pretty girl, who will offer for a *tlaco* or a *curutilla*, the native sandwich, a *fortilla con carne* or a *fortilla con dulce*. I offer no advice as to this purchase, but I found the tortillas of La Viga clean and toothsome.

This excursion is the most novel of all. The boatmen meet the horse-cars at the terminus and bid against each other for patronage; there is no regular tariff, twenty-five cents (*dos reales*) each passenger is sufficient to Santa Anita and return; the longer excursions to the lakes and towns beyond, of course, cost more. Santa Anita is a sort of native Coney Island and is a great resort, but the charm is in the ride thither, passing under the low-arched bridges, the market boats laden with fruits and flowers, which must stop at the Viga gate and pay a duty to the city, levied on all imports from the country. There are great, long flat-bottomed passenger packets also propelled by poles going to and from the towns across on the other shores of Texcoco, Xochimilco and Chalco, crowded with men, women and children and dogs starting or returning from a voyage of a day and a night.

Any day will do for the La Viga voyage; but Sunday, or better still, on a feast day, there will be flowers afloat and ashore, and music, music everywhere, of all sorts, from the tinkle of a guitar to the blare of a brass band; gayly dressed men and more gayly dressed women, singing and dancing on the boats or under the trees of the Paseo de La Viga which runs along the canal.

The floating gardens, it is said, really were entitled to the name, but now are only bits of land with little canals instead of walks through the beds and plots.

On the banks of La Viga once lived El Señor Don Juan Corona of most happy memory, revered for deeds of daring, and loved for his charity; he was not a soldier or a Sunday-school superintendent; in life Don Juan was a bull-fighter, and much renowned in his day, but his career is not to be written here.

Ask your gondolier to stop at the hacienda of Don Juan Corona. Enter beneath a hospitable roof and find a house intensely Mexican, shaded by trees and almost hidden by climbing vines and flowers. Every room is a museum in itself, filled with relics of every age and time of Mexico's history, curious objects collected from all over the country, in dozens and scores; there is a cigar-case once owned by the patriot priest Hidalgo, also a pistol and sword carried by him; some pieces from the table service of the Emperor Maximilian; several idols found in the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan; weapons, feathers and war-dresses used by the Aztecs; one of the guns with which Maximilian was shot; the bed used by General Santa Ana, while President of Mexico; a rifle used by General Miramon in the siege of Querétaro; a magnificent collection of *chicaras* (chocolate cups) painted by the Indians



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

of the State of Michoacan; very curious ancient bull-fighter dresses, among which is the one used by the Spanish matador Bernardo Gavino when he was killed in the ring at Texcoco.

The collection of this bric-a-brac was Don Juan's hobby; but another and more philanthropic pleasure of his was the care of children of the poor of La Vega, and from his savings he established a school for them, where they were not only taught but clothed and fed; he was known as the "father of the destitute."

The school still exists and will be shown in one of the rooms of the hacienda. As you enter the bright little beneficiaries of Corona's bounty rise in salutation. The school has not the ample means it had in the life of its founder, and any offering made will not only be acceptable, but is a tribute to the memory of a good man.

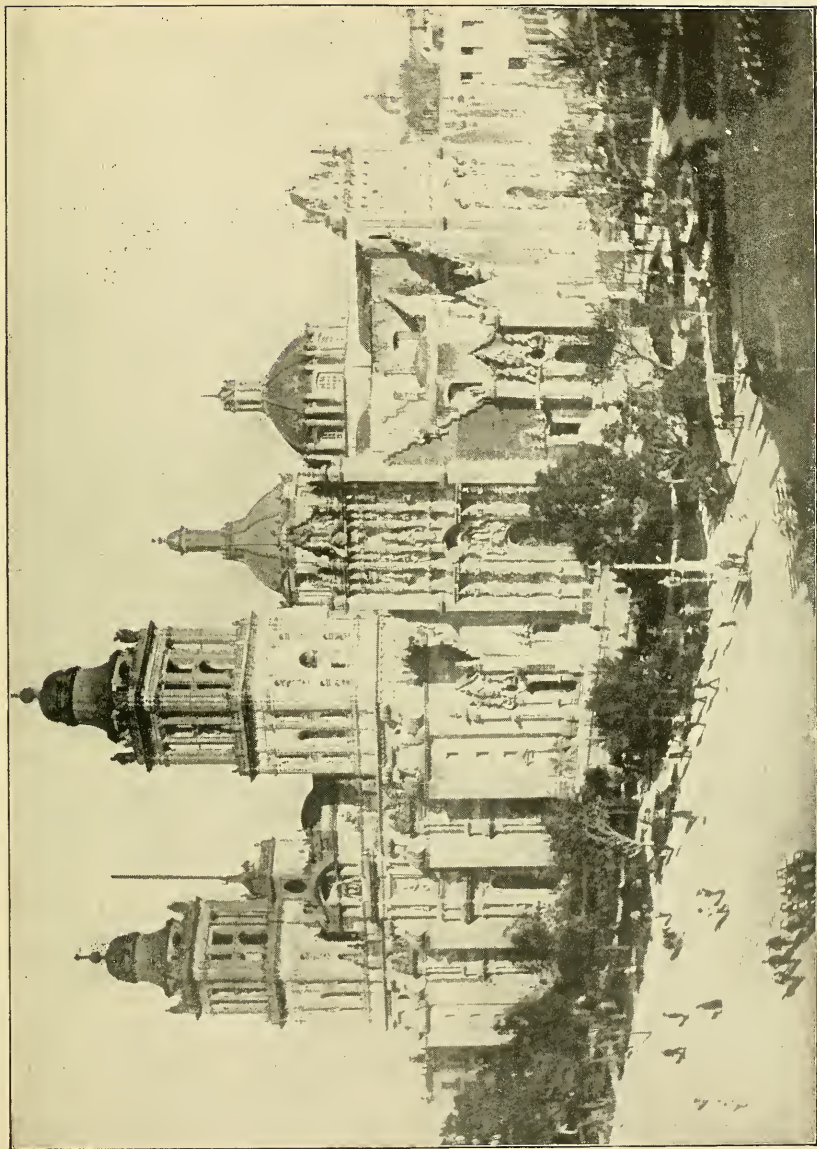
The Paseo, or, to be explicit, the Paseo de la Reforma, is *the* drive of the city. Carriages are necessary to the proper seeing of the Paseo and to save a walk up the steep hill at Chapultepec. It is about 2½ miles long, reaches from the city to Chapultepec, and is a magnificent boulevard, where the *bon ton* are pleased to drive every afternoon from four o'clock till dark, when the magnificent procession of fine equipages files down San Francisco street and disperses. The carriageway is broad and shaded by great trees, two rows on each side, between which is a wide promenade. At regular intervals the Paseo widens into a *glorieta*, a circle 400 feet in diameter, where there are stone benches. In three of these circles are to be placed statues of the nation's heroes—that of Charles IV, said to be the largest bronze in the world, is at the entrance, and Columbus and Guatimotzin farther along; Juarez and others are to be placed in the other *glorietas*. At the farther end of the Paseo rises the hill and Castle of Chapultepec, surrounded by a forest of cypress which is not surpassed for magnificence on this continent. The grand old trees, most of which must date back over twenty centuries, rise in somber majesty above those of ordinary growth, like a race of giants among pigmies, and the dim aisles beneath their lower branches are made still more beautiful by the almost intangible softness of draperies of gray moss festooned and swaying from limb to limb. Through this wood, shadowy as twilight even at midday, the carriage road winds and mounts to the summit. Standing on the terrace, whence rises the grand old castle, one looks across the valley of Mexico. Surely, of all beautiful outlooks in this beautiful land, the most wonderous is this!

With the remembrance strong upon me of scenes in other lands which have been inspiration and delight, with the memory of the Yosemite in its blended aspect of mystery and majesty still foremost in thought, this heavenly landscape loses nothing. Even the glamour which ever surrounds the past fades before the reality. From this beautiful spot one looks across a valley fair as a dream of paradise, with soft green fields and waving hedges and avenues of lofty trees outlining gray country roads that fade into the azure distance. A faint line of pale blue mountains, purple sometimes with deep shadow, rest like brooding and watchful spirits around the dim horizon; and farthest of all, beautiful with that sublime sense of remoteness and awfulness which belongs only to them, the solemn presence of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl rises like radiant clouds against the serene heavens above. Everything we had before known of mountain scenery becomes secondary in the imagination compared with these wonderful heights! The great serenity of the plain, the softly changing greens which cover its entire extent, and the undulating, exquisite line of hills, like the frame of some rich jewel, is something unspeakable when contrasted with the grand solitary state of these twin monarchs who dominate them all. If no more of loveliness than this view can give were added to one's inner life, the journey to Mexico would be fully required.

Chapultepec was once the favorite park of Montezuma; later the palace built there by one of the Viceroy's of Spain (Galvez) was used by Maximilian, and is now the residence of the President, the Mexican White House. The park and hill was the scene of a conflict between the United States troops and Mexicans in 1847, when the hill was carried by assault. Besides the presidential residence, the National Military Academy is also located here. A pass to the buildings may be had from the Governor of the National Palace in the city.

The views from the wide galleries of the palace are grandly magnificent. On one side are the volcanoes, on the others the fields of Cherubusco and Molino del Rey, and from the front the grand view of the city, lakes and the plain, with towns and villages everywhere, with the mountains on the other side. In the foreground are the great cypresses of the park, the rocks and steep hillsides, and the old aqueduct.

The interior decorations are beautiful and unique to a degree, with Pompeian color and decoration in the tiled galleries. A smoking-room has hangings of satin and plush. A desk and dresser in another is inlaid pearl and onyx. A banquet-



CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

hall is reached by a fine stairway that has a ceiling decorated with coats of arms from 1474 to 1887. A drawing-room has the walls hung in the most delicately tinted satin—has tapestries and the richest ebony furniture. Bedrooms with the daintiest boudoirs are furnished in regal elegance. The palace is on the very crest of the hill, approached by only one winding road, and must have been a formidable place to take by assault. A subterranean passage leads from the garden to a cave at the foot of the hill in the park, where there are some rocks with strangely appearing hieroglyphics, supposed to be data of Aztec history.

The tree of Montezuma (*arbol de Montezume*) is also shown, where that chieftain wept, as Cortez did under his tree, and also for defeat.

It is not expected to describe the Cathedral and the churches here; there are 127 of them, and it is a never-ending tale of towers, bells, crosses, images, pictures and legends from beginning to end, from Santo Domingo, of Inquisition fame, and San Hipolito, mentioned with the slaughter of the *noche triste*, to the Cathedral, which is a grand aggregation of all styles and designs of church architecture in Mexico, so that any detail of the story cannot be related here. There are churches everywhere and more building, so that no directory is needed for their finding. Besides, there are schools, academies and colleges without number, among which are the Preparatory School, San Carlos Academy, the Encarnacion School for young ladies and the College of La Paz, each worthy of a visit.

The Mint, the National Palace, the National Museum, are all places of interest in the center of the city, which can be visited in the walks about town. The Museum is rich in antiquities of bygone ages, and the relics of fallen and past dynasties in the country's history which must be older than Egypt, reading from examples of Aztec picture writing, Montezuma's shield and the statue of *Huitzilopochtli*, the god of war, down to Maximilian's coach of state and his dinner service.

In the National Library are over 200,000 volumes in all languages. Old books and new. Books over 400 years old. Books on vellum and parchment. Books that the British Museum has not, but would like to have. There is an atlas of England printed in Amsterdam in 1659, with steel plates and in colors that are as bright and fresh as if just off the press. Another volume bears date of 1472, and another is still older, printed in two colors with a most perfect register. There is a Spanish and Mexican dictionary, printed in Mexico in 1571. There is a book of autographs of notables and soldiers of Cortez. A roll of deerskin shows some original dispatches (painted pictures) sent by Montezuma to his allies, but intercepted by Cortez. There are original manuscripts and immense volumes with every old English letter done with a pen.

The *Monte Piedad* is the national "uncle" of the impecunious Mexican; here he brings his pledges and borrows what they will bring. The institution was established to lend money on collateral at a low rate of interest, and is under direct control of the Government. Unredeemed pledges are exposed for sale at a certain price; if not sold within a given time they are marked lower, and after a while still lower, and thus often some rare bargains in old jewels and heirlooms are obtained.

The theaters are *Principal*, *Arbeu*, *National*, *Alarcon* and *Hidalgo*, which, with Orrin's Circus, form the amusements of the city, excepting always the bull-fights. The non-Spanish-speaking American will hardly be amused at the theaters, but at the extremely novel circus cannot fail to be pleased. There are two *Plazas de Toros* in the city, where the national sport of bull-fighting is carried on in the highest style of the art. Sundays and feast days are the days for the bull-fights, and the rings have crowded houses. The sport was formerly interdicted in the Federal District, but the will of the people was too strong, and the law was repealed.

The *Alameda* and the *Zocalo* are the places of resort by the people at all times, where they come for rest and recreation, come to walk under the shade of the trees, or sit among the flowers, and listen to the melodies of their country, listen to

music that is the gift of the Government to its people. On Sundays and feast days, and in the evenings during the week, military bands play at this park or the other, so there is music somewhere all the time; and so it is in every city in Mexico, and very many towns and villages have the same pleasant feature of entertainment for the citizens, and they are appreciative. When these concerts are on, the alamedas are crowded—the rich and poor assemble there, and while they do not mingle they are alike contented, and seem appreciative for a gift which is not so freely accorded the people even in this great and enlightened country.

The markets are interesting to every tourist; the fruits of the tropics are there, fresh from the gardens and groves of the "hot lands," only a few leagues away. All the vegetables of this country, and which are grown in summer here, are in the



IN THE FLOATING GARDENS.

stalls there in January. Strawberries and green corn, peas and watermelons and everything of our summer gardens, grow under Mexico's genial skies all the year.

And as to flowers—great bunches of violets in the glass-covered pagoda under the shadow of the Cathedral, go begging sale at a *medio*; a handful of roses worth a dollar each in New York, offered for a *real*; a basket of flowers for twenty-five cents and one two feet high for a half-dollar.

The markets of Merced and Volador are just a square or two south of the Palace, and a little farther on is the canal, with its waters covered with boats and the banks with the hucksters. The San Juan and Catarina are on the squares of the same name, all with more or less interest to the visitor.

The Mexican policeman is costumed with a hooded garment, and as he stands at the street corner at night looks not unlike the brigand of the stage. In the City of

Mexico a policeman stands at each street intersection all over the city. He has a lantern which he places in the middle of the street. Whether there is more protection in this or not, the officer can be found when wanted.

The stores of Mexico all have fancy names, more or less appropriate. Another sign indicates the stock for sale. *Zapateria* indicates shoes. *Plateria*, silver ware. *Bonneteria*, millinery. *Joyeria*, jewelry. *Botica*, drugs. *Peluqueria*, a barber shop. But it is the pulque shop that has the unique sign. One is called "*El triunfo del diablo*," the triumph of the devil. Another, "*La cola del diablo rojo*," the tail of the red devil.

An advertiser of furniture and bedding recommends his "*El colchon blindardo*,"



FOUNTAIN, CITY OF MEXICO.

the ironclad mattress. Instead of the auction store, the red flag indicates the butcher.

There are some fine stores, and shopping in Mexico is a novel experience in every way for ladies—and they will be treated with every courtesy; but the American shopper need not be surprised if the salesman smokes while he waits on her.

And last of all where you will go to are the cemeteries: San Fernando contains the tombs of some of the Presidents and its great soldiers, and is also the resting place of Miramon and Mejia, who were executed with Maximilian. Another cemetery near Tacubava is the Dolores, where there are some fine monuments. The Americans, English and Spanish have separate burial places.

BULL FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

THE history of bull-fighting in Mexico is but another chapter added to that of Spain, simply changing the names of the stars of the profession. The people of Mexico inherit the bloody fascination of the sport, and what has been written of the exciting *funcions* in the *plaza de toros* of Spain will describe as well the fights in the arenas of Puebla, Toluca, Tlalnepantla, the City of Mexico or any other of the republic.

Star matadors from Spain and Cuba have visited Mexico, notably Mazzantini and others at different times, but they have not dimmed the glory of the home constellation, for Mexico believes in patronizing home industry when it comes to bull-fighting, and Mazzantini's reception was not cordial nor his engagement a prosperous one, so the field is left to the home toreadors.

There are famous names on the roll of tauromachy of Mexico, such names as Corona, Hernandez, Gonzalez, Gaviño and a host of others, but none have reached that pinnacle attained by the idol of the day, the great and only PONCIANO DIAZ.

The *Plaza de Toros* is in shape very much like the cyclorama buildings of America, only much larger; inside is a monster amphitheater seating thousands of people. Encircling the arena is a high fence or barrier with a foot-rail about eighteen inches from the ground, on the inside, on which the performers step and leap over the fence when too closely pursued by the bull, landing in an open space between the audience and the ring.

The opening of the performance is brilliant and exciting, the audiences are nearly always large, sometimes numbering fifteen to twenty thousand, all eager for the fray. Gay colors are everywhere, bands are playing the liveliest airs, and all is excitement. The feeling of an American under the circumstances is one of amazement and anxious expectation. There is a grand flourish of trumpets, a gaily caparisoned horseman dashes in, gallops to the President's box, a key is thrown to him, it is the key of the door leading to the pens where the animals are kept; the horseman catches the key, woe be to him if he don't, and gallops back to the entrance and disappears; if the key is not caught the man is hissed out of the ring. Another flourish of trumpets and loud buzzas from twenty thousand throats announce the coming of the company.

It is, indeed, a brilliant spectacle, the *matadores* and *banderilleros* on foot and *picadores* on horseback, all clad in the gayest, gaudiest costumes, in all colors and gold embroideries, they march to the President's box; the President is a municipal or State officer, and has full direction of the proceedings. He is saluted by the company and the fight is ready to commence.

Now the wildest excitement prevails, and the scene is a perfect picture of pandemonium; all eyes are turned toward the low, strong doors under the band stand; they are thrown open, and from a darkened pen the bull bounds into the ring. As he passes under the rail a steel barb, with ribbons attached, showing the breeder's colors, is fastened in his shoulder. He gallops to the middle of the ring, stops and looks about with fear and astonishment. He is a grand-looking beast. Surprise and fear give way to rage, he paws the earth and snorts in his frenzy, and discovering the red cloak of the *capeador* starts towards him on the run. The man goes over the fence, but not too quickly, for he has hardly disappeared before the bull's horns are

thrust through the boards. The animal turns and spies a horse, and woe be unto the horse, his day has come; the *picador* with his lance is totally unable to keep the bull from goring the horse, and it is killed on the spot. The horses are not valuable ones, being old veterans retired from service, feasted and fatted to friskyness for this occasion, are blindfolded and ridden in to certain death. Another man is chased out of the ring and another horse severely wounded; a signal from the President and a bugle-call directs the horses to be removed.

Now comes the really interesting feature of the performance, the thrusting of the



ATTACK OF THE PICADOR.

banderillas. The bull is alone with his tormentors, it is a contest between skill and brute strength. A *banderilla* is a dart about two feet and a half long, on the end is a very sharp barbed point, the wire is covered its entire length with colored paper ribbons. The *banderillero* is the man who places them in the bull's shoulders, he must stand in front of the animal, without flag or cloak, must stand still and wait the attack. The bull, maddened at his audacity, starts at him at full speed, the man steps out of his way gracefully, and skillfully thrusts the *banderillas* in the bull's shoulders as he passes by (they never speak as they pass by), as soon as

the animal can check his headlong speed he turns, now furious with rage, he turns, only to find another banderillero with two more banderillas. These and two more are thrust into his shoulders, all hanging there. Bellowing now, he is wild.

Another signal from the President instructs that the bull has had enough and must be killed—this is where the *matador*, the *primer espada*, distinguishes himself; his skillful killing of the bull by a single thrust of the sword is what determines the brilliancy of the star. The matador must face the bull, sword in hand, and await the attack, it is assassination to strike while he is at rest and calls for hisses and missiles from audience. The blood-red cloth or *muleta* is flaunted in front of the bull. The maddened animal closes his eyes and makes one more dash for life and falls in death, the sword of the *matador* is thrust between the shoulders to the hilt and has pierced the animal's heart.

Wild bursts of applause fill the air, hats, canes, cigars by the bushel are thrown into the ring by the delighted spectators, men shout and sing, ladies wave their handkerchiefs and mantillas, the matador bows his acknowledgments, throws the hats and canes back to their owners, who seem grateful that he should honor them thus.

The band plays, the gates are opened, three gaudily decorated mules harnessed abreast are driven in, a rope is thrown over the dead bull's horns and he is dragged out.

The wait between the acts is not more than a minute, the bugle calls, the low doors open and another bull gallops in, and thus till six are killed at each performance. The skill and agility of the performers is something wonderful, and consists in holding the red cloak in such a way that the bull rushes for the cloth instead of him who holds it. The bull shuts his eyes and does not see the man as he quickly steps to one side and escapes, but often he must save his life by flight and a leap over the barrier around the ring.

The *Plaza de Toros* is the bull ring; the *funcion* is the performance; the best seats are on the shady side, those in the sun being sold at cheap prices. Seats in the shade \$2 to \$3; boxes \$12 to \$20, according to the company playing.

The star fighter is a matador or *espada*—he it is who finally kills the bull with the sword. The *banderillero* is the man who thrusts the *banderillas* in the animal's shoulders, and the *banderilla* is a dart with a barbed point ornamented with colored ribbons. The little plait of hair or queue worn on the back of the head by a bull-fighter indicates that he has passed the degree of *banderillero*. If he commits any offense against the code of ethics or repeatedly fails in the act of placing the *banderillas*, his queue is cut off in public and he is forever disgraced. The *picador* is the man on horseback, but he don't stay there long after the entrance of the bull: yet while he does he goads with a pike or pole with a steel point. The *capeadores* are the men who handle the capes or cloaks which are flaunted in the bull's face to worry. The *muleta* is the red cloth used by the *espada* at the killing, and the *cachetero* is he who puts the finishing dagger stroke between the horns; and when he has done so six times (if there are only six bulls) the show is over.



OVER THE INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY.

THE route from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico via Jalapa and Puebla is an old one; how far back into the centuries the date of its first use by travelers may be, cannot be told by Mexico's oldest inhabitant, nor do the old records, the picture writings of the Aztecs, give any information. Montezuma's messengers knew the path as the easiest one up the mountains, and if the story is true that in twelve hours they carried fish from the sea to the Emperor's table, they could have taken no other route, and the relays of runners must have been stationed on this route.

When Cortez, determined on the Conquest, commenced his march to the interior he found that he could get his horses and cannon up the mountains no other way except over the northern slope of Mount Orizaba and the Cofre de Perote, and in the succeeding centuries the route taken by his army became the royal road, and in later years the King's Highway became the road of marching armies and commercial traffic from the sea to the Capital: then on this route of the oldest road as the one of easiest grades was built the newest one, the Interoceanic Railway, and in many places the railroad crosses and recrosses in its curves the ancient highway where the wore and torn cobble pavings may be seen from the cars.

Leaving the City of Mexico, as from its eastern terminus, the Interoceanic passes over historic ground near to the causeway used by Cortez in his entrance to Tenochtitlan, the capital of the Aztec Empire, and follows close to the shores of Lake Texcoco, skirting the south shore, leaving Lake Chalco to the right. Leaving the station of San Lazaro the road passes through a long avenue of tall trees for several miles, in view of the national prison, the artillery practice field, Peñon and the Hill of Ixtapalapa, famous in Aztec history. Los Reyes is the junction of the Morelos Division, lying between Lakes Texcoco and Chalco, typical Mexican village, where instead of fruits and peanuts brought to the train to sell, the natives bring fish fresh caught from the lakes, not cooked but in their raw state, yet find ready sale to native purchasers. Beyond Los Reyes the road runs along the lake shore a short distance and then through a fertile plain, passing on the left the Hacienda de Champingo, estate of the late General Gonzales, ex-President of the Republic, gorgeous in oriental and rainbow colors. Immediately opposite Champingo is the village of Huixotla, where there are some prehistoric ruins.

TEXCOCO, beyond the eastern shore of the lake, once the capital of a great nation of more than ordinary civilization, and during the second campaign against the Aztecs, was the basis of Cortez operations against the City of Mexico, where he built the bergantines to take his army across the lake. Near Texcoco is the country seat of the family Cervantes, known as the Molino de Flores, the Mill of the Flowers, surrounded by the most beautiful gardens imaginable. Here, also, was the palace of Nezahualcoyotl, the wise king of the Tezeucans, on the hill Tetzcotzincó, where there are baths cut in stone-paved walks and stairways. The view on either side, as the train just here is going almost due north, is entrancing; there is not a monotonous mile, the green fields stretch away to the hills that rise one above the other till they become mountains that end in the snow caps of Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl that are never out of sight; on the other side is the broad lake of Texcoco, and beyond, on its other shore, may be seen the domed

towers of the City of Mexico. Metepec, on the north side, a few miles away, is the village of San Juan de Teotihuacan, near which are the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, built by the races inhabiting the country before the Toltecs came. Here is the last view of the City of Mexico going east and the first from the trains coming up from Vera Cruz.

OTUMBA was the scene of a great battle between the Spaniards and Mexicans a few days after the fateful battle of the "dismal night," when Cortez was defeated and driven from the city by Cuauhtemoc.

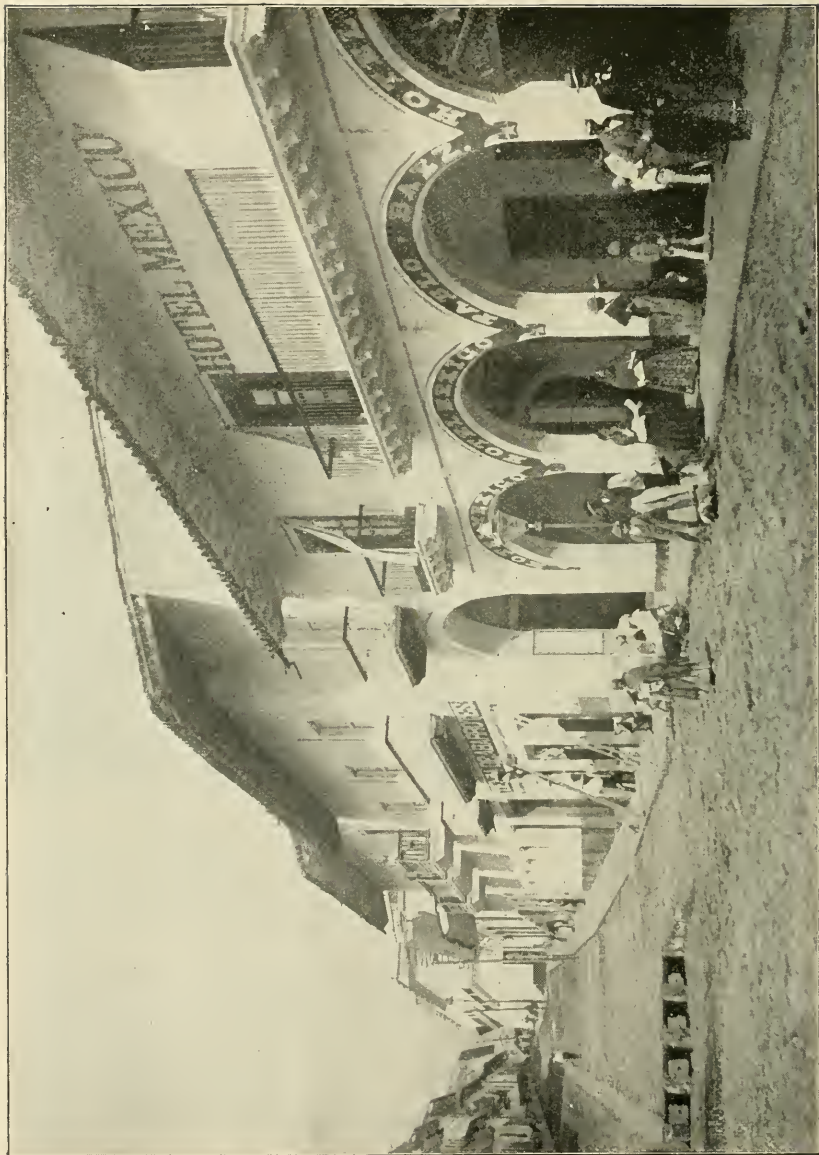
Irolo, junction with the Hidalgo R. R. for Pachuca, the great mining city and the capital of the State of Hidalgo. Lorenzo, entrance to the pulque regions. Immense fields of the maguay, or as the Americans call it, the century plant,



A POTTERY MARKET.

from which the national drink is extracted, extend for miles in every direction. So great is the daily output that special trains are required to leave the fields daily at two or three o'clock in the morning to get the product to market in time for the opening of the shops. The fields extend beyond the stations of Calpulalpam and Mazapa, both important pulque points.

It has been a steady up-grade since leaving the City of Mexico, as the road rounds the base of the great volcanoes, and just before reaching Nauacamilpa, the station of the highest altitude on the Interoceanic, the road passes the summit in a tunnel that is over 9,000 feet above the level of the sea and starts upon a down-grade that reaches to Puebla, passing through a region that is picturesque to a degree—hills upon hills cut in deep barrancas from two hundred to two thousand feet deep, their precipitous sides are of rugged rocks, cut in twain perhaps by the seismic shocks. A little further on the barrancas widen out into fertile valleys that are so far below the road that the fields are filled with tropical verdure.



A STREET IN JALAPA.

SAN MARTIN is an important station in the midst of a fertile district. In every direction are the white walls and towers of prosperous haciendas; churches and villages dot the plains and peep out from beyond the trees of shady woodlands, altogether a different prospect than is usually seen in Mexico. In circling the volcanoes the road runs east from the city, then north to Otumba and now only a little east of south to San Martin; straight away across the plain, if you look from the windows on the north side, see the peak Malintzi, the top-most rocks showing a giant face, clear cut against the sky, that may have given the name to the mountain as showing Malintzi's face high in the heavens as a perpetual reminder of his coming to save his people.

At Los Arcos, the junction of the Matamoras division, trains pass in sight of the Pyramid of Cholula.

PUEBLA is one of the finest cities of the republic, with streets well paved, clean and well kept, fine residences, hotels, business buildings, public edifices and a cathedral, second in size only to that of the City of Mexico, and perhaps more beautifully ornamented than any other church in the world; altogether a most attractive place of resort, an important business center, and as the capital of the State of Puebla it has a population of over 100,000. Puebla has had an important place in the history of the country from the Conquest down to the capture of the city from the French on the 2d of April, 1867, by General (now President) Porfirio Diaz.

At Puebla, on the main line of the Interoceanic Railway, connection is made with the Mexican Southern Railway for Oaxaca, the Ruins of Mitla and the picturesque regions of the south of Mexico.

Leaving Puebla the road runs in a northeasterly direction, passing the villages of Amozoc and Acajete, the latter place being noted for the manufacture of that unique saddle hardware peculiar to Mexico, the immense steel spurs, bridle bits, etc. Crossing this valley of Puebla, four volcanoes are in the view, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, that have been in sight all through the ride from the city, Malintzi in the foreground to the west of the track and Orizaba eastward; the three with snow caps always, and Malintzi when there has been cold in the upper altitudes. La Venta and San Marcos in the great grain country are passed on the plains; at Ojo de Agua there is a spring of clear water and the plain changes to almost a marsh, as the waters spread out over the fields. Vireyes is the junction for San Juan de los Llanos.

Perote was a halting place for teams and travelers in the old Spanish days, and a military post where a garrison was maintained and police parties sent up and down the road for protection of the wagon trains against depredations by bandits. The old castle is still standing, long since abandoned when its usefulness came to an end. The old fortress is to the east of the track and may be seen from the cars.

Just after leaving Perote the highest point east of Puebla is passed, and the descent to the sea is commenced at a point 8,200 feet above it. Turning a corner in the mountains it seems that the veritable "jumping off place" is reached—looking from the windows the vast panorama covers hundreds and hundreds of miles of mountains spreading away to the north; on the other hand, close to the cars, the mountains rise abruptly till their peaks touch the sky. The great Cofre de Perote, with its box-like top of chalky cliffs, is high above all the others, while the more distant peak of Orizaba with its snow-white cone peeps over the intervening giants of the earth. The sun has been shining on the plains till Perote was passed, and on coming to the brow of the hill, if there is a mist over the valleys, there will be seen a vast sea of billowy clouds snow-white in the sun; it is a curious sensation, this railroading above the clouds as the train seems to drive into a sea of snow.

Here are forests of pines and cedars; the ground is covered with thousands and thousands of tons of broken lava, the accumulation of the eruptions of the ages.

past and gone. Following down the mountain side the track twists and turns till it can be seen above the train where it has just passed, and below where it will come to. These curves are necessary for an easy gradient, but the traveler is the gainer in the magnificent views of the line, than which there are no finer on the continent. We may look down on the tops of the village houses and in a few moments pass by their doors, go out of sight of one to find another around the next hillside. The military road that was the king's highway, and before that the path of Montzuma's messengers, is crossed half a dozen times since its steeper grades permitted of straighter lines.

JALAPA is the most quaintly picturesque place in all Mexico, built on a hill with narrow, crooked streets up and down, the long eaves of the houses sheltering the passers-by on the narrow sidewalks, with here and there tropical vines clambering over a garden wall. The plaza is reached on one side by a steep flight of stone steps, while the other side is level with the street—and the floor of the cathedral commencing at the street, slopes upward to the altar. One of the grandest views of this continent is from the high hills of Jalapa; looking eastward, although seventy miles away, may be seen the Gulf of Mexico, the white houses of Vera Cruz and the ships at anchor; to the west and south the peak of Orizaba, the Cofre de Perote and the lesser ranges and peaks. A tram line leads through the very heart of the coffee regions to Coatepec, the tropical verdure almost enveloping the cars as they pass along this most interesting side ride. Jalapa is the capital of the State of Vera Cruz, and has a population of about 30,000 people.

Leaving Jalapa it is a drop of nearly five thousand feet before the journey to Vera Cruz is completed, and the tortuous windings of the road bring the traveler to



some more magnificent scenery and wonderful feats of engineering between Cerro Colorado and El Palmar, where the cut of Huarumbo is, the deepest one in Mexico. Near Rinconada is the cone-shaped mountain Cerro Gordo, the scene of one of the bloodiest battles of the war of '47 with the Americans. The rich virgin forests continue down to the plains again, with here and there coffee and fruit farms and timber ranches for the shipping of dye-woods, mahogany, rosewood and ebony.

San Francisco is a fishing town on La Antigua River, where large quantities of fish and oysters are taken. La Antigua was founded by Cortez, the station is only a short distance from the ancient city, where the remains of the old wharf still exists and a number of rusty cannon are shown as having been left by the Conqueror, and in the ruined church, now used as a prison, is a tomb bearing date of the year 1526. The ride hence is across the plains that extend to the sea. Groves of palmettoes, palms, rubber trees and other vegetation of the *tierra caliente*, hot land, are quite in contrast with what has been seen in the higher altitudes.

VERA CRUZ has no altitude; it is literally the city by the sea, the approach of the railroad is along a sandy shore where the "northers" blowing have piled up mountains of white sand, so that it has been necessary to build protecting fences, like the snow fences of the North, to keep the drifting sands from covering the tracks.

At first Vera Cruz was called Villa Rica de la Santa Vera Cruz, the Rich City of the Holy True Cross—the reports of the gold in the land brought Cortez here in 1519, where he landed on Good Friday, the 22d of April. In its strange contrast with the interior cities of Mexico, Vera Cruz has attractions for the tourist and it is never left out of a complete itinerary.

THE MORELOS DIVISION of the Interoceanic leaves the main line at Los Reyes, eleven miles from the City of Mexico, runs in a southerly direction with an ultimate terminus at Acapulco on the Pacific coast. Passing along the shores of Lake Chalco, the first stops are Ayotla, a considerable fish market, and La Compania where tram lines extend to the surrounding villages and factories.

AMECAMECA, the Holy City, lies at the foot of the volcanoes; from this town the ascent of Popocatepetl is made, the only practicable route, being used by the sulphur miners to and from the crater, and the ice-men, who gather the product from the gulches above the snow line, pack it in pine straw and bring it to the railroad on burros. On the right of the track just opposite the station is a wooded hill, Sacro Monte, the Sacred Mountain. From the station a paved causeway, marked by the stations of the Cross, leads to the top where there is a holy shrine built over a cave that was once the dwelling place of a hermit monk, and in which is preserved a curious image of Christ that although life-size weighs only a few pounds. This image is carried with great pomp and ceremony between the shrine and the parish church on certain feast days.

By a convenient arrangement of schedules tourists may go out from the City of Mexico on the morning train, visit this interesting place and return in the evening. The ascent of the volcanoes is very difficult, requiring three days.

The road southward is slightly on the down grade to Ozumba, through a fertile region, very near the volcanoes, and nowhere can a finer view of the great mountains be obtained than by a day's ride over the Morelos division; they are in the view all day long.

NEPANTLA is a little station of some importance where the train stops for a few moments, and there is time for a look over the wide expanse of the *tierra caliente*, lying nearly two thousand feet below the level of the track at the station. The grades take the train in a zigzag course, turning about in all directions. A ruined church or castle is pointed out that may be seen first from one side of the cars and the other for an hour or more.

CUAUTLA is in the sugar country, immense haciendas are seen in all directions. The streams from the mountains are turned from their courses into the fields

for irrigating purposes, making the valley one of the most fertile in the world, and with crops that never fail. It is a curious entrance into the town, the train seems about to pass it by, but stops opposite, backs in on a Y into a station that was once a church —where the nave was freights are stored, the sacristy is the agent's office and tickets are sold in the chapel. Just outside the station is a pretty plaza and a very interesting market. There is a good hotel, and near the town a spring famous for the healing powers of the waters.

YAUTEPEC is another town in the sugar district a little further down the valley: if you would see a primitive Mexican town, stop off at Yautepec. On down through this wonderfully fertile valley the road runs by Jujutla, and comes to its present terminus at Amaecusac.

THE MATAMOROS DIVISION from Los Arcos, six miles east of Puebla, leads southward on the eastern slope of the volcanic range. The first station is

CHOLULA, where the train stops at the base of Mexico's greatest pyramid, which tradition says was a Tower of Babel of the aboriginal races, now crowned by a Christian church.

Atlixco is in the heart of a rich agricultural country; near the town are some mineral springs whose remedial powers are said to excel the famous springs of the world. Here also are some great sugar haciendas, among the richest in the republic. The road runs through the immense plantations till it comes to Matamoros de Izucar, the present terminus of the division, that will ultimately connect with the Morelos division and complete a railway circuit around the volcanoes.



THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

THE name of the line does not indicate its route any more than those of any of the other railways of the Republic, all using some title of a national character rather than of destination or direction. The Mexican Railway leads from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, with a descending grade in 263 miles of from 7,349 feet above the sea at Buena Vista station, in the City of Mexico, to its level at Vera Cruz—not a continuous descending grade, but that is the difference in the altitude of the termini.

At one point on the line at Ocotlan the altitude reaches a height of more than 8,300 feet; the greater percentage of the descent is made in a distance of 20 miles, between Boca del Monte and Maltrata, and the scenery of this 20 miles is the chief object of the ride itself.

Trains leave the City of Mexico in the early morning and reach Vera Cruz just after dark, affording a daylight ride that will show the varied scenery of Mexico, from the volcanoes and high tablelands down to the hot country by the sea.

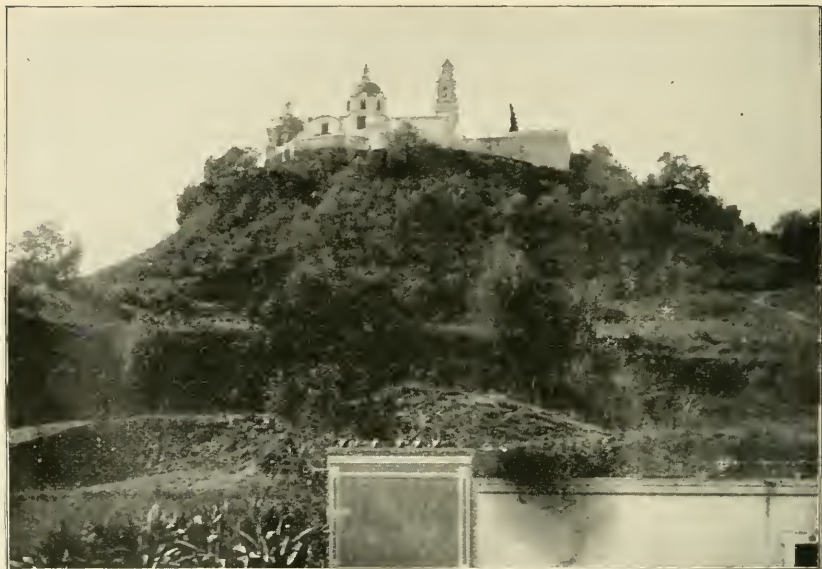
For the first hundred and fifty miles of the journey it will make no difference on which side of the car a seat is taken; but for the scenery down the mountain, from Boca del Monte to Maltrata, the seat must be on the right side, and for general results a seat on that side should be chosen. Leaving the City of Mexico, the road runs due north three miles, alongside of the causeway to the village and church of Guadalupe—the holiest shrine in all Mexico. Along the causeway to be seen from the right-hand windows are shrines and archways dedicated to the saints, and here the devotees stopped to pray and processions marched by, from Mexico to Guadalupe; this passed, the village and church are to be seen from the other side of the cars. Still, on the right the view shows Lake Texcoco, the city, and the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, which are hardly out of sight all day. An hour after leaving the city look for the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon on the left of the track; a low line of earthwork causeway connects the two. Seen from the cars the pyramids do not appear very majestic, but in reality their proportions are quite ambitious, being 210 and 150 feet high respectively. An entrance to the Pyramid of the Moon has been effected, the interior explored, and some very interesting prehistoric relics discovered indicating their building by a race of people older than the Toltecs.

THE PLAINS OF APAM the great *pulque* district, are fifty miles from the city. For miles on either side, as far as the eye can reach, the long rows of maguey plants show where the national beverage comes from. The collecting of the crude *pulque* is novel and interesting. When the maguey or century plant is about to bloom, it sends up a shoot fifteen or twenty feet high. When this shoot appears, it is cut out and the sap that would go into this stalk and bloom collects in the center of the plant. This is the crude *pulque*. Each day, until the life of the plant is exhausted, an Indian and a *burro*, with hog-skin bags on their backs, visit each plant. The Indian with a long-handled gourd, a small hole pierced in each end, draws the sap from the plant, empties it from the gourd to the hog-skin, and from the hog-skin to the cask on the cart at the end of the row. After a process of fermentation this sap becomes *pulque*, and must be sent to market at once. *Pulque* will not keep.

Knowing this, perhaps, the Mexican, not liking to see a good thing wasted, proceeds to drink it energetically, and desists not till his last *flaco* has vanished.

No matter whether you have experimented with *pulque* elsewhere or not—get a glass at Apam, or rather a mug—it is peddled at the station in earthen mugs, by Indians of all sizes, colors and conditions; but the *pulque* is good. *Mescal* and *tequila* are drinks of a stronger nature, like rum, both made from a species of the magney. The *pulque* business is of such proportions that special trains are required to deliver it fresh in the shops of the city: the *pulque* trains leave the plain early in the morning and arrive in the city by four o'clock, so that the supply is fresh every day. At

APIZACO there is a branch line to Puebla, one of the oldest cities of Mexico,



PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

requiring a visit of some days. There is a good restaurant at the station at Apizaco: the train stops long enough for coffee, *pulque* or to buy a cane or basket from the Puebla Indians.

As an evidence of civilization, at least from the peddler point of view, he (the peddler) is as assiduous in the effort to dispose of his wares as his American brother who comes to the cars to ply his vocation, and is fully his equal in driving a bargain, and as unscrupulous as to the quality of the goods; the cane may or may not be of coffee wood—you buy at your own risk.

At Esperanza the train stops for breakfast; call it dinner if you will, as it has reached about one o'clock, and it is indeed worth waiting for; everything is good, and this above all railway eating-houses must not be missed.

ESPERANZA is a great shipping point for cereals, ores and other products of the country, brought here on burros to be forwarded on the cars; about the station the burros stand lazily waiting to unload or start on the return trip.

After a good meal take a seat on the right; prepare to see the finest piece of scenery and railway engineering in the country. The locomotive which has pulled the train thus far is detached, and the monster Fairlie engine is placed in front of the train.

A Fairlie engine is in reality two locomotives in one—heading both ways, with two smoke-stacks, two head-lights, one on each end of one long boiler, with the cab in the center, over the fire-box; besides being so powerful that they can pull a train up the steep grades, they can hold the cars back while going down, and this latter is a principal duty, as they would run over any ordinary locomotive, as not heavy enough even with wheels working backward to resist the force of the rolling cars. Air and steam brakes are not trusted on this grade; there is a man at each brake wheel on each car. The train leaves Esperanza, and in a few minutes comes to *Boca del Monte*, where the down grade commences, at a height of 7,849 feet above the sea, and rolls to Maltrata, a point only 5,544 feet, making a descent of 2,305 feet, and taking sixteen miles of track to reach a point immediately below and in sight all the time; that little patch of tiled roofs and church with its dome of red, way down in the valley, is Maltrata. It must be a fair day when this journey is made, or the tourist will find his train above the clouds, and nothing can be seen. An idea may be formed of the windings of the road to get down the mountain when it is told that the Indians selling fruits and flowers at the little station about half-way down will leave by the path down the cañon, and reach Maltrata before the train does, in time for another sale. The scenery is beyond all description; the trip must be made, and will never be regretted or forgotten. From Maltrata the road follows through the valley of *La Joya*, the jewel, and comes to

ORIZABA, a city of 20,000 people, lying in a lovely valley, a town quaintly picturesque, and just on the border of the hot country, where a stop must be made. The hotels are good, and there is much to see; the old churches, the plaza, the alameda with its tropical flowers, the waterfalls in the neighborhood, and all the great natural beauty of the place and surrounding country. On the left, overlooking the city, is the hill where a sharp battle was fought between the French and Mexicans, and the cross erected there is to the memory of the fallen soldiers.

Leaving Orizaba the scenery continues grandly beautiful. The track lies on the mountain side, winds in and out in sharp curves, through tunnels, over bridges and along ledges where the cañons are hundreds of feet deep, and coming to the Metlac gorge, crosses it on a curved bridge, which may be seen, and the track on the other side of the gorge, for some minutes before, from the right-hand windows, and far below the track is a foaming torrent rushing down the *barranca* under the arches of an old stone bridge of the public highway.

There must not be a moment lost now! Keep to the point of observation all the time—watch the mountain and the valley, see this cascade and that tumbling and roaring over the rocks, showing like liquid silver amongst the green of the shadowing trees.

Now the scenery is different entirely from all before traveled through. The adobe house gives place to those of the thatched sides and roofs. The barren hills have melted away to orange groves and gardens of bananas with coffee trees almost brushing the car windows. There are green forests with trees and vines hanging with flowers; great trees with yellow flowers, whose golden beauty would be worth thousands if they could be imported to some city of ours. Such scenes are on either side for some miles toward Vera Cruz.

AT CORDOBA may be bought the very finest fruits of all tropical varieties—oranges, lemons, pineapples, bananas, mangoes, fresh from the trees, and plants

brought to the train by the cleanest, fattest, sleekest Indians imaginable, old men and women, young men and maidens, all with something to sell and a few to beg.

Córdoba seems to be the gateway of this route to the hot lands. The luscious fruits offered at the station and the light and airy costumes of the natives indicate this. Here the tropic Mexican appears in all his picturesqueness as he is seen in pictures—wide of trouser and broad of straw sombrero, and brightly colored costume of women's dress.

After Córdoba the road continues through a pretty section, crosses the Atoyac river and passes within sight of the cascade, a very pretty one with its tropical surroundings. Now the road passes through the cane-fields, coffee plantations, orange groves, and gardens of mangoes, pineapples and bananas, and comes to Soledad, from whence the ride to Vera Cruz is unattractive; but that city is an object of interest to every tourist, and a stay of some days can be very pleasantly made in wandering about under the palms of the alameda, sailing to the forts and islands in the bay, listening to the music in the evening on the plaza while you dine, and one is ready to journey back over this wonderful railway to Apizaco and take the branch to *Puebla de los Angeles*.

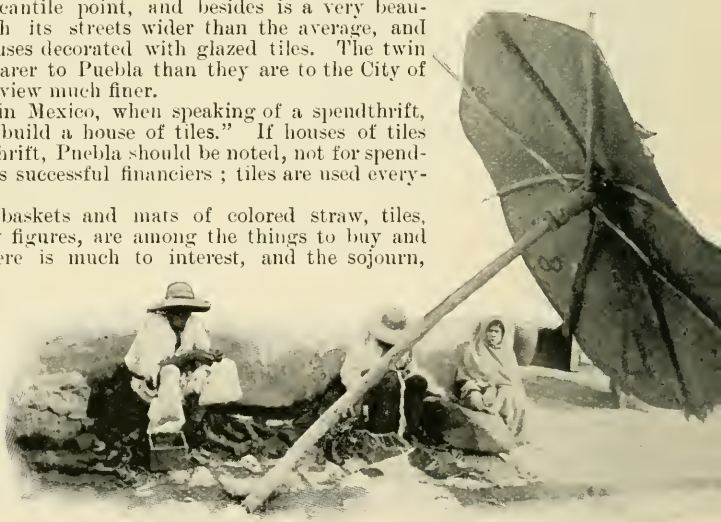
As soon as the train leaves the station at Apizaco the beauties of the ride begin. Churches, dome-shaped granaries, fantastically shaped hay or straw mows cut as with a knife into churches and crosses, old mills and aqueducts, mountains far away and near by, with cities and villages in between till the ride seems all too short. After passing Panzacola the Pyramid of Cholula is seen on the right, with a church for its crest.

After this the City of Puebla, lying over against the mountains, comes to the view—the fort of Loreto on the left and Guadalupe on the right on the hills just outside the city.

Puebla has been a city long enough to possess all metropolitan advantages, and is not behind the average Mexican city; horse-cars lead to all parts of the city and to the surrounding villages, making it quite a railway center. It is a city of 100,000 people, located 7,100 feet above the sea level, is an important manufacturing and mercantile point, and besides is a very beautiful place, with its streets wider than the average, and many of the houses decorated with glazed tiles. The twin volcanoes are nearer to Puebla than they are to the City of Mexico, and the view much finer.

It is a saying in Mexico, when speaking of a spendthrift, "He will never build a house of tiles." If houses of tiles are evidence of thrift, Puebla should be noted, not for spendthrifts but for its successful financiers; tiles are used everywhere.

Puebla onyx, baskets and mats of colored straw, tiles, pottery and clay figures, are among the things to buy and take home. There is much to interest, and the sojourn, rather than be missed, should extend over several days, as a hurried visit would leave undone one of the features of a tour of Mexico.



SOUTH OVER THE SOUTHERN.

THE Mexican Southern Railway opened up an entirely new field to the tourist-traveler, and he who has traveled through Mexico and has not seen Oaxaca, the Ruins of Mitla and Monte Alban, has not seen the most interesting part of this interesting country.

Unlike any other railroad in Mexico, the Southern does not run high on the table-lands and along the mountain sides, but follows the valleys, and, from a scenic point of view, offers an innovation to the travelers of other lines that have looked down on the valleys below the tracks, till they came here to travel through the valleys, and through one cañon and barranca after another, looking up to the overhanging cliffs and towering peaks that close in about the roadway till it seems there is hardly room to pass between them. Here are the ever-running rivers to complete the innovation from the dry, rocky beds of the rainy-season rivers of other sections. The route of these rivers is the route of the road, and the two are companions, hardly out of sight of each other for many miles.

Leaving Puebla the Mexican Southern Railroad runs almost due east, parallel with the line of the Inter-oceanic Railway, across the plain as far as Amozoc. This should be called the Valley of Churches. Look where you will, the tiled domes rise above the plain. They are in the villages, north, east, south and west, and every hacienda has one of its own—picturesque to a degree, with the polished tiles of many colors, as in the Puebla Valley and around Cholula. Looking backward, as the train leaves the handsome station in Puebla, there is a view of the city, the forts on the surrounding hills, and beyond them, to the westward, the pyramid of Cholula; further, high against the western sky the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, and, to the northward, old Malintzi and the Cerro del Tecolote; then, a little to the east of north, the sharp white peak of Orizaba rising above the hill of Amaluca.

It is a slightly ascending grade from Puebla, with an altitude of 7,091 feet to Amozoc, at 7,593 feet above the sea, and after leaving that station it is as constantly descending, for more than a hundred and thirty-five miles, to Quíotepec, and then it is up hill to Las Sedas, and again down hill to Oaxaca.

It was in the year of Montezuma's downfall that the conqueror, Cortez, sent bands of men, here and there, to spy out the land he had invaded. He had deposed the Aztec princes, and the Emperor was in chains, a humiliated slave to the Spanish King. There was a lull in the wars, and the projects of peace claimed attention. The open road of the sea at Vera Cruz left no protection for the Spanish ships. A surveying party proceeded down the coast, guided by a chart that Montezuma had shown them, and found a harbor at the mouth of the great river Coatzacoalcos, that offered safe and suitable ship room. A spot was selected for a fortified post, and a detachment of a hundred and fifty men, under Velasquez de Leon, was sent to form the colony. The route of Velasquez was direct to the southeast, through the cañons, down through the Valley of Oaxaca, where Cortez obtained a grant of a large tract of land, and laid out plantations for the crown. The estate was soon so prosperous that its value was more than twenty thousand ounces of gold. The report gives detailed descriptions of large and beautiful edifices, and some of them the most elaborate specimens of Indian architecture in the Province of Oaxaca.

RUINED CITY OF MITLA.



The princely domain comprehended more than twenty large towns and villages, and 23,000 vassals. Of these large towns and villages, Mitla was one, and another was Oaxaca.

The journey to the Ruins of Mitla is an early one, by rail to Oaxaca; thence, over a wide road, hard beaten by much travel, through a valley almost treeless, save where the verdure is along the banks of a little *rio*, or clustered here and there about an hacienda or straggling village, or on the sides of the mountains which hedge this valley in, and help to make the journey a pleasant one, with pretty pictures of scenic beauty.

Diligencias or carriages may be obtained at Oaxaca, and they will roll over the broad road as easily and smoothly as on a street. The start should be made at a convenient hour in the morning, not later than seven o'clock. This will bring you to Mitla at two in the afternoon, and the return may be started at eight the next morning; thus giving the afternoon and morning sun on the weird pictures of the Ruins.

Lunches may be taken from Oaxaca, but this is not absolutely necessary; the *fonda* at Tlacolula, the little more than half-way town, is surprisingly good, where good coffee, excellent bread, and all the fruits, may be obtained, and at the hacienda of the *muy amable*, Señor Don Felix Quéro, at Mitla, there are good beds, and an excellent dinner is served by a genial host, who will welcome in cordiality and speed the parting guest with good wishes, till you will, with the memories of the wonders, the pleasant journey and the good wishes, bless the day that you came to Mitla.

The big tree of Tule is in the church-yard of Santa Maria del Tule. A great grandfather of trees, that must have been still a great tree long before the Spaniards came, or even while the builders were at the temples of Mitla. It is 154 feet and 2 inches around the trunk six feet from the ground, and, as a native says, "it takes two looks to see the top." To give a better idea of its immense size, if twenty-eight people with outstretched arms, touching each other's finger-tips, stood around the trunk, they could barely complete the circuit.

It is only five minutes' walk from the hacienda at Mitla to the Ruins, through a straggling village of thatched huts, through narrow streets hedged with giant cacti, across a little *rio*, up a rocky hill, and you stand within the graven walls of a temple that may be older than Solomon's.

This may have been one temple, or four. There are four walled courts facing about an open patio, lying exactly at the four points of the compass, with their walls on lines true to the needle. Of the southern court, only three of its walls are standing. The east wall is in the best condition, next the north, while the south is almost crumbled away.

The east court has only one of its walls standing, and two columns that are not thrown down. Others, and the heavy cornice stones and cap pieces, lie at the base of the wall.

The north court is in the finest state of preservation, and gives ample evidence of the magnificent handiwork of the men of a buried and forgotten race whose civilization is attested in the intricate carvings here; in the shaping of these stones; in the lifting them from their quarries, and setting them in their places, as with a mason's tact, that all the earth's tremblings have not shaken, nor the warring elements effaced their gravings. The north court is built on the same plan with the others, and its walls are in a most complete state. The entrances of all the courts open into the patio in the center, with no openings at all in the outer walls. There are no windows anywhere. The heavy cap-piece of the entrance to the north court is supported in the center by a huge column of hewn stone. Under it leads a passage underground that may extend to the other courts, as there is a subterranean gallery running the entire length of the court, east and west, with a short extension due north, and these may have existed, also, in the other courts of this great temple.

As this court is the best preserved, it is also the most extensive part of the Ruins. Above the ground, extending the entire length, and immediately above the underground gallery, is a grand corridor, called the Hall of the Monoliths. Here are six massive columns, nearly seven feet in circumference and twelve feet high, ranging down the center of the hall. An underground passage leads to a second larger room, whose walls also face the compass points. This room is surrounded by four smaller ones, the one on the west side being in an almost complete state. The walls are laid in the most intricate mosaics, of small pieces and of the most beautiful and unique designs, fitted and put together without mortar or cement.

The ancient races of this land had no arches in their architecture, as is evidenced by everything that is left of their meager history, and here, over their square-cut doorways, are magnificent monoliths, twelve to eighteen feet long, four to six feet in width, and three to five feet in thickness.

Down the hill, towards the village, in the yard of one of the residences, discovered within the year, is what the Indian guide calls "the sepulcher," now used as a corn bin. It is about eight feet long and six feet wide, and below the level of the ground. The architecture and cutting of the stone is exactly the same as in the larger ruins on the hill.

OTHER RAILWAY LINES.

THE MEXICO, CUERNAVACA & PACIFIC RAILWAY is under construction southwest from the City of Mexico to the Pacific coast. The route is through a wonderfully picturesque region, rising from the plain to the surrounding mountains the views are very beautiful. A most attractive day's outing may be made over this road to Tres Marias or Cuernavaca, and further on as the track is completed down into the State of Morelos.

THE HIDALGO RAILWAY runs northeast from the City of Mexico to Pachuca, with branches and extensions to Tulancingo, Irolo and Zumpango. The great aqueduct of Zempoala is seen from the cars on the Hidalgo road.

THE MEXICAN NORTHERN RAILWAY runs from Escalon, on the Mexican Central, to the mining town of Sierra Mojada.

THE SONORA RAILWAY runs from Benson, on the Southern Pacific, to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California.

THE TEHUANTEPEC RAILWAY runs from Coatzacoalecos, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Tehuantepec, on the Pacific.

THE MICHOACAN & PACIFIC RAILWAY runs from Maravatio, on the Mexican National, to Las Trojes.

THE MEXICAN NATIONAL RAILWAY runs from the City of Mexico to Toluca, Acámbaro, with branch to Morelia and Patzcuaro, thence again on the main line to San Miguel, San Luis Potosi, Saltillo, Monterey and Laredo.

THE PORVENIR DE MATEHUALA RAILWAY runs from Matehuala to El Pilar, connection from the Mexican National at Catorce.

THE MONTEREY & MEXICAN GULF RAILWAY runs from Treviño, on the International Railway, to Monterey and Tampico.

THE VANEGAS, CEDRAL & RIO VERDE RAILWAY runs from Vanegas, on the Mexican National Railway, to Matehuala.

THE NAUTLA RAILWAY connects with the Mexican Railway at San Marcos.

THE MOTZORONGO RAILWAY connects with the Mexican Railway at Córdoba.

THE TEHUACAN NATIONAL RAILWAY runs from Esperanza, on the Mexican Railway, to Tehuacan.

THE ALVARADO RAILWAY runs from Vera Cruz to Alvarado.



HALL OF THE MONOLITHS, MITLA.

CUSTOMS AND COSTUMES.

THE dress of the Mexican is a picturesque one, of which the wide *sombrero* is the feature, often richly trimmed in gold or silver lace, with a crest or monogram on the crown sometimes, this elaborate head-gear often costing fifty to sixty dollars. A short jacket coming to or a little below the waist is also trimmed in gold and silver; the tight-fitting trousers, wide at the sharp pointed shoe, have two to three rows of gilt buttons. The complete costume always includes a *zerape* of many colors; a *zerape* is a blanket or shawl worn over the shoulders, thrown in knightly fashion, with the fringed and tasseled end over the left shoulder. Men of all classes wear the *zerape*. Coats are almost unknown, except among the better classes. The principal and favorite part of a costume is the *sombrero*. A Mexican may go barefooted and wear cotton trousers, but he'll have a thirty-dollar hat if he can get it. The man on horseback in Mexico is a picturesque figure in gold lace and buttons, and the trappings of his horse and saddle are most elaborate. It is to be regretted that this style is giving place to the more modern American or English dress.

There are dudes in Mexico. They call a dude "*un lagartijo*." He wears the most gold lace and buttons, the tightest trousers and the widest hat. In other respects he differs not from the dude of other countries, and further space need not be wasted here.

For ladies of high degree, the Spanish *mantilla* of black or white lace still does a fascinating duty in place of the hat or bonnet, and the Spanish costume from shoulder to high-heeled pointed slipper. The middle classes wear a black *tápalo*, a shawl which is both wrap and head-gear; the lower classes and Indian maidens wear in the same way a scarf of cotton, usually blue or brown; this is the *reboso*. Mexican women are almost without exception of fine form, healthy and robust. There are thousands of pretty faces, of richest color, long lashes, soft and downy ear-locks, black as jet, and with long, inky black hair. Under the *tápalo* or *reboso* is many a Venus; the corset is unknown, and nature forms to perfection.

Ladies embrace each other at meeting, and kiss on the cheek. Men embrace their friends, and pat each other on the back. In passing on the street say "*buenos dias*," or "*adios*—good-by."

Following the customs of their ancestors, the young people of Mexico have not that freedom of association as in America. A young lady may not indulge in "steady company" and the young blood of Mexico may not call on his best girl, as in this free and enlightened country. He must win her by *jugando el oso*—playing the bear. This does not mean that the young man indulges in any idiosyncrasies of the bear, when he (the bear) catches a victim. At a certain hour in the day the devoted lover comes under the lady's window, and when she comes to the casement he may stand and look at her, exchange glances, smiles and nods, go away and come back again to-morrow and do it all over again. If he is faithful and keeps this up for two or three years, he may finally be allowed to call and see



her in the presence of another member of the family. If all goes smoothly they "marry and live happy to the end of their days," as in the fairy story.

Smoking is permitted almost everywhere—in the restaurant and hotels; at the theater and on the cars, except in the sleeping cars; some ladies indulge, but the custom is going out—though it is always the polite thing to offer your cigarette case. Mexico matches light at both ends, and if a native asks for a light, he will always return the unused end with an intricate wave of the hand in thanks.

Politeness and courtesy are characteristic of Mexico, and it is seen constantly everywhere; a Mexican will not enter a door or pass up a staircase ahead of his companion without an insisting, "*Pase, señor,*" urgently put, till it is seen that one must go first, and then age or rank or guest takes precedence. The salutations on the street, in the paseo or the alameda, "*buenos días,*" "*buenas noches*" and of "*adios,*" are continuous and unending, and meeting friends embrace and cordially salute with "*Mi amigo, mi amigo.*"

They are a music-loving people, whose souls are moved by a concord of sweet sounds, and if the love of music is the test, few Mexicans are fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. No *jacal* is too humble but what its adobe walls listen to the tinkle of the guitar, and no village so small but its band of native musicians will play in the little alameda in the evenings. In the larger towns and great cities there is music in some plaza or park every day by the military bands—an example set by the government in giving the people music that might be emulated by the United States greatly to its credit.

As is generally known passports are not required in Mexico; the money of the country is all that is required and only enough to pay expenses to the capital should be purchased at the border. This may be done at the ticket offices of the railroads. American money always commands a premium, and bank drafts are in demand. The rate of exchange may not be quoted here, as it is constantly changing. The currency most in use is silver, but bank notes are in circulation among those able to own them. Some of the paper money is not accepted beyond the limits of the States where issued, except at a slight discount. But the notes issued by the Banco Nacional and those of the Bank of London, Mexico and South America are good anywhere. For every-day use silver is recommended.

The metric system is the legal coinage, but instead of speaking of cents the number of *reales* are named in giving prices, *dos reales*, twenty-five cents; *cuatro reales*, fifty cents; *seis reales*, seventy-five cents; and *un peso*, one dollar. The smallest copper coin is a *tlaco*, one and one-half cents, except the *centavo*, one cent piece; a *cuartilla* is three cents; a *medio*, six and one-fourth cents; a *real*, twelve and one-half cents; a *peseta*, twenty-five cents; a *toston*, fifty cents; and a *peso* is a dollar. The gold coins are seldom seen—the *onza de oro*, is sixteen dollars; the *media onza*, eight dollars; the *pistola*, four dollars; the *escudo de oro*, two dollars; the *escudito de oro*, one dollar.

Change is made to a nicety, and if the line divides a *tlaco* it is cut in two with a hatchet.

These, with the money of the country and such clothing as is used in the United States for spring and autumn wear, a winter tour of all Mexico may be made. If the journey is extended through the "hot country" on the coast, and if any stay is to be made, summer clothes will be most comfortable.

There is one thing every tourist feels called upon to take with him or her to Mexico—the phrase-book. It is amusing to watch the Spanish students en route, and yet more amusing to observe the violent struggles with the pronunciation and the riotous efforts to make themselves understood. One calls attention to the "jackals at Jimmy-nez," and is deeply chagrined when a more apt scholar advises to say the "ha-kals at him-a-nez" when the *jacals* at Jimenez are referred to.

When you learn the money, the numerals and how to put them together, and to read a bill of fare, you can get along very well, especially with the aid of the bell-

boy at the hotel, who will teach you more than the phrase-book about water, towels, keys, paper, ink, etc., who, by the way is a jack-of-all-trades about the house; he thinks his life is made of all work. He is chambermaid, bootblack, laundryman, messenger, etc.—willing and obliging, and a professor of Spanish in a small way, and with this amount of Spanish education, a spring overcoat, and a light suit of clothes, the tour of Mexico may be made without trouble.

Railway regulations are practically the same as in the United States as to passage tickets and baggage. Round-trip tickets are on sale at all prominent points in the United States all the year round, good to return within nine months of the date of sale. Stop-over is permitted at any point in Mexico, allowing sixty days to complete the going or returning journey. Children under 5 years of age free, between 5 and 12, half fare.

On each full ticket from the United States 150 pounds of baggage is carried free, and 75 pounds on half tickets. On tickets purchased in Mexico, baggage is subject to the local regulations of the railroads there. Baggage from the United States may be checked to the border only, as it is required to be examined by Mexican customs officials, after which it may be checked to destination, the old law allowing a revision of baggage at each State line has been repealed. On arrival at the City of Mexico a transfer agent will check baggage to hotels or residences; the other cities are as yet without transfer companies, and baggage must be taken on the carriage or entrusted to *cargadores*, licensed carriers, which is perfectly safe, but the number of the *cargador's* badge should be taken.

Holders of tourists tickets to California via the Southern Pacific Ry. may stop off at San Antonio or El Paso and purchase excursion tickets to Mexico, going and returning by the same or diverse routes at reduced rates, taking up their California tickets again on the return.

The traveler can make himself more perfectly "at home" in a Mexican hotel than anywhere in the world, for once assigned to a room he is left severely alone. After you have registered and have been assigned to a room, the proprietor writes your name on a blackboard on the wall and goes about his business, if he has any.

Your room has an iron bedstead; a simple bedstead, perhaps, and it may have springs, but sometimes the mattress rests on planks—what carpenters would call "inch stuff"—but it's clean, and if it is in the "hot country" will have a snowy white mosquito bar, and the linen is fresh; the bed is never made up till the guest arrives. Candles are furnished and towels, but no soap—and you must buy your own matches. Mexico has two advantages, good climate and good matches; the climate is free, but you must pay for the matches.

The Iturbide, once the palace of the emperor of that name, is palatial, but the emperor's furniture is not used, and the emperor is not there.

The Jardin was once a monastery, and many other hotels rejoice in some incident of history or legend, but have been modernized and are improving all the time, till now it is possible to find good living in most of the cities and towns. Mexican hotels are for the most part on the European plan, but arrangements may be made to suit the wishes of the traveler.

A hotel laundry is unknown in Mexico; the bell boy will attend to the business; he takes your clothes away and brings them back "done up;" that is all that is known or can be found out about it. In addition to his duties as bell boy, this Poo-bah of the upper floors is chambermaid, bootblack, porter and messenger, for which extra tips are expected, wherein the resemblance to the American hotel is complete.

COMPLIMENTS

PASSENGER



DEPARTMENT

SUNSET ROUTE



JAN 16 1940

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 508 485 A

